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THEATRE MAGAZINE

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JUNE, 1922



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Carnival

Posed by Mlle. Theo Hewes and M. Sigmanski

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Editorial

How We May Check the Crime Wave

THE crime wave still rolls on, engulfing our cities, towns, villages, gathering strength as it sweeps from coast to coast. All over the country communities are organizing against the common peril. Trains continue to be held up, shops and homes looted, pedestrians robbed in broad daylight at the point of pistols. The bandits shoot even without provocation. Never was human life held cheaper or the malefactor bolder.

To what cause must be attributed this sudden break-down in the protection Society has until now enjoyed against its natural enemy, the professional law-breaker? Are our criminal classes becoming more vicious, more brutal, less fearful of the law and its penalties? No—it is only that the crook—always a potential danger—has grown more enterprising because of the example set him by you and me. He, too, has been seized by the fever consuming all—the rage to live high, beyond our means, to wear expensive clothes, to ride in automobiles when all we can afford is the street car, to keep up with the de Jones' when our place is with the Smiths, to dance, to drink, to gamble, to do as little work as possible and indulge the lust for pleasure to the full. On every side he sees the barriers let down—corruption in public life; crookedness in finance; bootlegging and profiteering; grafting politicians shamelessly accepting office so they may better rob the public; immorality rampant; virtue derided as old fashioned and out of date; indecency and undisguised harlotry on the stage; mere children laughing at the most disgusting lines; lewd orgies and murder in motion picture circles; obscene wriggling and suggestive songs in cabarets and music halls; jazz in the restaurants, jazz in the homes; mothers, cynical, self-seeking, encouraging their bobbed haired, cigarette smoking, lip-sticked daughters to dress immodestly, the better to market their sensuous charms—the whole foul welter of a nation in delirium, a people without ideals, engrossed only in material pleasures and pursuits, without faith, without a God, suddenly gone mad, drifting slowly, resistlessly, toward the abyss. Why, argues the crook, should he not get his, in the general *débacle* of the public morale?

New York has no monopoly of the crime wave, nor of these appalling social conditions. The demoralization is general. Something must be done and that quickly to restore our equilibrium and lead the people back to normalcy and saner channels. How can it be done? By providing the public with cleaner, more wholesome amusement.

Recreation the people must have. None understood better than the Roman Emperors the necessity of keeping the mob in good humor, and so they organized the gladiatorial combats and the sanguinary games in the arena, where captives were given a chance for their wretched lives in a hopeless fight with ferocious wild beasts. In modern times man's natural appetite for blood letting is under better control, yet even today Spain has her bull fights, and the people find joy in seeing horses disembowelled and matadors gored in the shambles of the national *Correos*.

In America we are more refined in our tastes. There is no telling how we may develop—from present indications we appear to be headed straight back to the primeval slime—but for the moment our tastes are foolish rather than bestial.

What, then, should be the rational recreation of the whole American people, the national stabilizer? Certainly not the movies, with their silly, infantile scenarios, their well-known propensity for scenes of lust and crime. Such entertainment as that must eventually degrade, not uplift, the nation. The proper recreation of the American people is the spoken drama, not the theatre as we know it today, with its muck and filth, its bedroom farces, its salacious leg shows, but the theatre at its best, the theatre which, in addition to presenting the classic plays worthily, will encourage and foster the native drama and develop a fine breed of actors, the theatre which gave to America the intellectual art of Edwin Booth, the delicious drollery of Joseph Jefferson, the tempestuous splendor of Edwin Forrest, the pathos and majesty of Charlotte Cushman, the loveliness of Mary Anderson, and many other distinguished American players who, alas, in these decadent days of movies and jazz, are barely known to the present generation even by name.

How may we raise the present low standard of the theatre? There is only one way—the stock theatre or the repertory theatre, which means practically the same thing. All over the country, in almost every city, big and small, the local stock company has proved its right to recognition. It has shown it can make productions equal in finish to the best and that it can also develop fine players. Stuart Walker in Indianapolis, Jessie Bonstelle in Cleveland, the Bainbridge Players in Minneapolis, Sam Hume in California, and other pioneers have succeeded in forming local organizations that compare favorably with Broadway's best. There is only this difference. In the New York productions commercial considerations are ever paramount, whereas, in the independent local stock company, art for art's sake is the only controlling spirit.

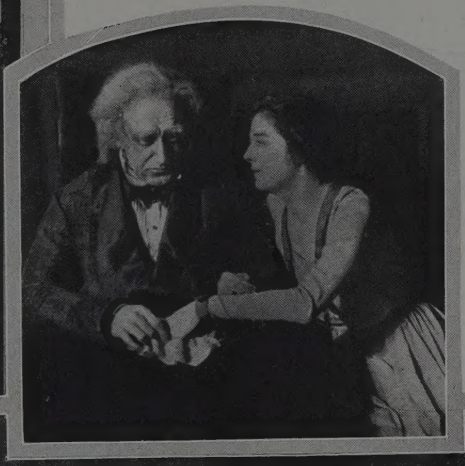
Let the country at large understand once for all that it no longer needs Broadway to set the pace in things theatrical. Indianapolis, Cleveland, St. Louis, and other centers do things today as well as we can. Indeed, it is probably from the activities of the "provincial" stock companies, scattered all over the United States, that will come eventually the salvation of the American theatre. Long live the "provincial" theatre! We, in New York, suffering from the present lamentable conditions, look toward it as to a David who shall one day rescue us from the clutches of the sordid Goliath of the purely commercial stage. Why should you—intelligent theatregoers of Kansas City, Detroit, Omaha, Des Moines, etc., etc.,—be content with second-rate bookings, shabby settings and inferior casts from Broadway, when it is in your power to realize the ideal at home.

So get to work, organize your local Repertory Theatre. Banish crime-encouraging movies, cheap vaudeville, and tawdry musical shows by cultivating a taste in your people for the very best. It's up to you, Mr. Mayor, up to you, gentlemen of the local Chamber of Commerce. If you are sincere in your efforts to end labor troubles in your territory and quiet the local unrest, first make your population happy and contented by giving them good, wholesome amusement, instead of the dangerous rubbish they now feed upon. Do you realize what bad movies and indecent bedroom farces are doing? Do you realize that criminal movies make criminals, create unrest among employees, bring about strikes? Give people decent amusement and they'll become decent themselves. Bad movies, immoral shows—that is what wrecks the home and breeds discontent and revolt. Build a local Repertory Theatre that shall be a credit to your town and put it into the hands of artists who will run it for art's sake, not for greed of the dollar.

Mayors, and members of the Chamber of Commerce! It is up to you to clean our national theatre. You can do it—only you. Is not such a worthy cause at least worth a trial?



Oliver Blayds, the venerable poet, has reached the patriarchal age of ninety, revered by all as the last of the great literary figures of the Victorian era. Notwithstanding his great age, he has continued to astonish the world by the undiminished freshness and virile beauty of his verse.



O. P. HEGGIE AND MISS CARLISLE

Left alone with Isobel, the nonagenarian becomes strangely agitated. He has something on his mind that he must tell her. Reluctantly she listens as he confesses he is a fraud



(Left to right)
Gilbert Emery
Frieda Inescourt
Leslie Howard

Photos
Ira Schwarz

The confession throws the family into consternation. If it is true, they possess nothing. The son-in-law is utterly crushed, and is more than inclined to brazen it out. But Isobel stands firm



Mr. Gottschalk, Vera Featherstone, Alexandra Carlisle, Mr. Emery

When Royce renews his wooing, begun twenty years before, and asks Isobel to be his wife, she is easily won over to the argument that perhaps the least said the better

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" A NEW MILNE TRIUMPH

Why I Produce Bedroom Farces

"Demi-Virgin's Manager Considers Himself A Public Benefactor for Giving "Zippy" Shows

By A. H. WOODS

FREQUENTLY I have been asked why I appear to have a penchant for so-called "bedroom farces," and why I produce them. Many people seem eager to know why I buy plays which usually bring about my head a storm of protest. I offer two answers, usually, to these questions. They are: I buy plays like "Up In Mabel's Room," "Ladies' Night," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and "The Demi-Virgin," because I like them, and I produce them because the public wants them.

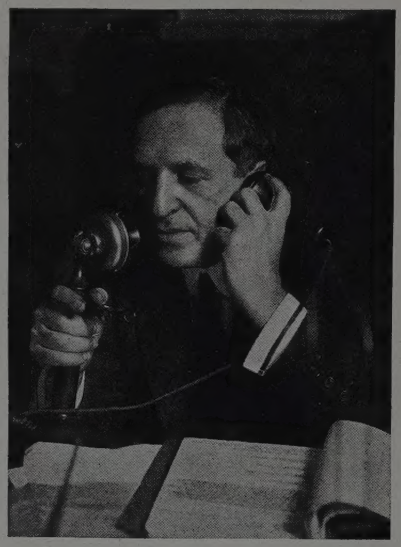
You may call the first answer naïve, but I am quite frank about the matter. If I am the one who must lose, say, $20,000 if a play proves a failure, I think I should be permitted to pick the play on which I am willing to risk that sum of money. It is my purchase, and no one else's. I draw an analogy: If a business man made up his mind to buy himself a coat, he would think it pretty presumptious if some other chap or group of chaps came up to him and said, "We'll select your coat for you, because the public may not like the one you buy." It would be ridiculous.

Manuscripts of all kinds pour into my office. I read each one carefully. I try to put myself in the place of the average theatregoer. If I am entertained by the play as I read the manuscript, amused by certain situations, and forced to laugh over the dialogue, I buy it. Why not? If the public doesn't like it after it's produced no one is the loser but myself. A play isn't forced upon the public. It can take it or leave it. If the public is as amused over the play as I have been while reading the manuscript, I stand to gain. That's the situation. Those who are afraid of having their sensibilities bruised by my plays need not buy tickets for them.

THERE are very few adults who have such a tender moral sense that they will be hurt by my bedroom-farces. And children are not supposed to see plays intended only for their elders. A little naughtiness, a little spice, a bit of innuendo, a saucy line or two, a daring scene, will not harm any one these gloom-enshrouded days. Gloom! Gloom! Gloom! Everywhere. The reformers are constantly doing something or other to take the joy out of life. There was the war, and its aftermath, and hundreds of other troublesome things thrust upon us poor mortals during the last few years. Plagues! Hard times! All sorts of woes. I should be considered a public benefactor when I attempt, by means of a zippy show or two, to drag people up out of the depths of despond.

Then there was prohibition! No way left for mortals to get away from the world of dreary actuality for a brief space! They greet gladly a bright, snappy, sparkling, and,—yes, naughty little play that will cheer them up for a few hours and help them to forget the crowding cares. They could be doing a lot worse things than sitting inside a playhouse and chuckling over a daring little play.

The fact that these plays that I put on are popular and continue to draw crowded houses, certainly proves that the public wants them and approves of them. If you argue that it is only a certain class of theatregoer which demands this type of play,



A. H. WOODS

New York theatre manager recently called before the Grand Jury and exonerated on the charge of having produced an immoral play

well and good. Why should they not be served? The other type manages to get "high-brow" dramatic fare. Let each have the dramatic diet he likes best, and then no one will go hungry.

Besides, "Evil to Him Who Evil Thinks." When I read and buy those plays, it is not with evil intent. I see nothing salacious or wicked or immoral about them. They are light, amusing and entertaining. At any rate, that is the effect they have on me. If people choose to read smuttiness into them that is their own fault. It is the way their own minds work. Believe me, I have read books, now in circulation, far worse in plot, dialogue, and general make-up, than any play like "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," or "The Demi-Virgin." And salacious books do more harm than spicey plays. The plays are transitory—here today and gone tomorrow. The books continue to circulate, and are read by men, women and children. Yet the reformers do not trouble themselves half as much over books as over plays.

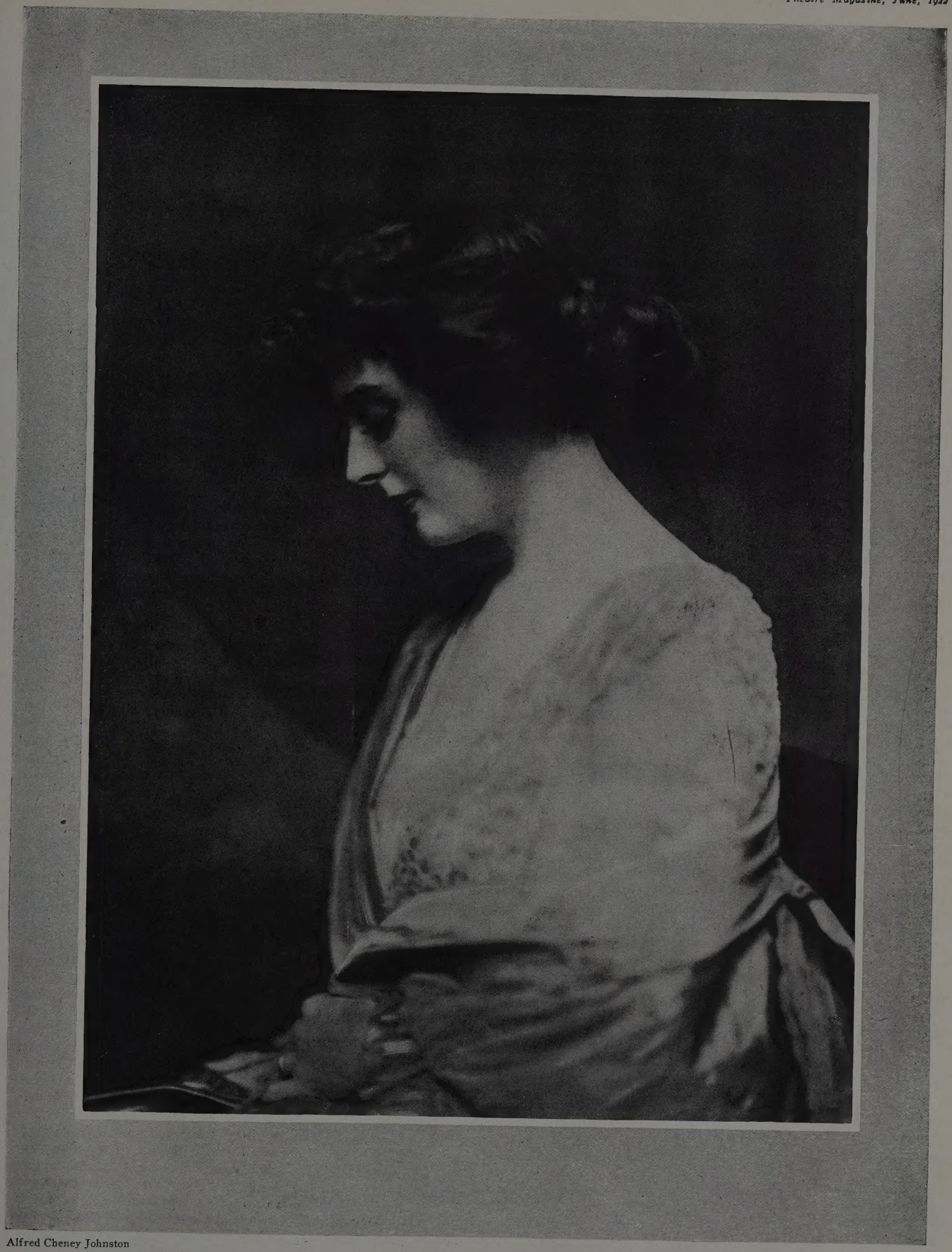
Then, too, there are a number of plays in town—I will not mention their names, for obvious reasons—which I consider are far more in need of criticism than "The Demi-Virgin," for instance. They are so-called "Strong and virile" plays. I certainly agree that the language, at least, that is used in them, is pretty "strong." I saw a play just the other night. Profanity and blasphemy were used. I was amazed at some of the lines. I actually could scarcely believe that I was hearing the words aright. Yet no one so far has criticized that particular play. But every one focuses their attention on my plays, particularly reformers, because, I suppose, I more or less have earned the reputation of specializing in "bedroom farces."

After I put on the first play of this kind, so much was said about the bed that figured in it, that, principally as a jest, I declared I would use a bed again in my next play. The publicity surrounding this article of furniture seemed to be so great that I thought I would see if it would arouse the same amount of comment if used again. At least, my critics must admit that I strive for "class" in this particular article. The law is that nothing but Louis XIV beds shall be used in my bedroom farces. I insist on tone in this respect, and attach much importance to this historical feature. When I tire of bedroom farces I shall gather together all these beautiful Louis XIV beds, and open a select antique furniture shop, or hold a spectacular auction. I haven't decided yet just which it shall be.

IN "The Demi-Virgin," the particular scene which the reformers believe is particularly objectionable, is the one in which four maidens disrobe. There isn't anything so immoral about four girls removing their clothing in order to retire. I have seen plays in which a girl and a man, not married, disrobe and climb into beds in the same room. And yet, strange as it may seem, those plays still run undisturbed.

The amusing thing to me about the whole controversy over "The Demi-Virgin" is that the reformers continue to complain, even after the Grand Jury acquitted me in the case concerning it, tried not long ago. Even after a jury, selected from a panel of 300, witnessed the performance, and then failed to bring in an indictment, the Rev. Dr. Straton and Dr. Wise still proclaim that "The Demi-Virgin" is an immoral play. They apparently do not believe in juries. I, personally, am of the opinion that it would be a better idea to have a State censor, than a jury to determine whether a play is fit to be produced or not. That arrangement would be much more fair to the producer. Why should a theatrical producer go to the expense of buying a play, engaging a cast, rehearsing it, and staging the play, only to learn after it has opened that it must close at once? He has lost many thousands of dollars by this system. How much better it would be

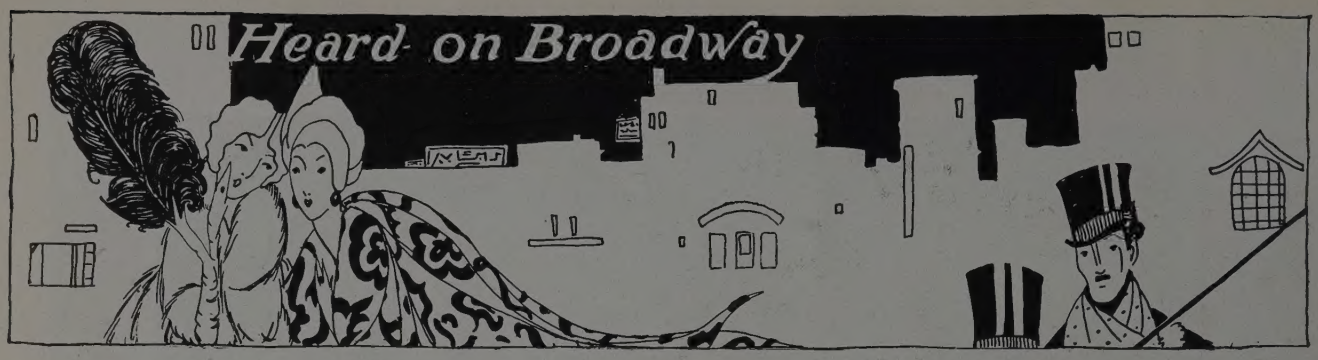
(*Continued on page* 406)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

This distinguished actress, formerly Beerbohm Tree's leading lady, and now playing Isobel in "The Truth About Blayds," is an Englishwoman by birth, but an American by choice, having married Dr. Albert Pfeiffer of Boston. Since 1914, she has acted in the United States almost exclusively.



BREVITY is a good thing in a play-title. Gladys Unger probably has reached the limit in curtness, however, in naming her new offering "Up."

ONE of the common queries put to the bright young men who sell theatre tickets in Broadway agencies as they hand out their wares to a casual customer is, "Where the dickens is this theatre?" Time was when any New York playgoer could tell offhand where any playhouse was situated. Today, with more than fifty places of dramatic entertainment scattered from the upper Bronx to the hinterland of the East Side, and a new theatre or two built every few weeks, one must needs be an explorer as a preliminary to patronizing the drama. Take the Neighborhood Playhouse as an example. When one leaves the Bowery and goes prospecting eastward down Grand street, he feels that he is only just missing tumbling into the East River when, after at least a half-mile walk—which seems like more than a mile the first time he makes the trip—he comes across the lights that lead him into the snug little theatre. The house, with its family atmosphere, its well-arranged auditorium, from every seat in which one can see and hear everything on the stage, and with its pleasant-mannered girl-ushers, is all right when one gets there—but, oh, it seems an awfully long way from Broadway!

IN these days of revivals, why doesn't George C. Tyler revive "The Little Tycoon," just as a flyer? He was interested in that tuneful operetta at one time, and, as I remember it, played to "S. R. O." in Philadelphia and elsewhere for most of the time. Of course, he's busy with his new success, "To The Ladies," just now, but how about the "Tycoon" as a late summer offering?

THE death of three well-known theatrical figures in a week recently is a reminder of how fast the personnel of the Rialto is changing. Joseph R. Grismer, actor, playwright, manager and twice Shepherd of the Lambs, was the first of the trio. A man of forceful personality, past master in the lore of the stage, and with the artistic intuition which all successful producers must have, he was seemingly in the zenith of his powers when an accident carried him off in his early seventies. A few days later, Bert Williams—the most talented colored comedian the stage has known—was the next. Then came Louis Robie, an old-time manager, who had been the elder Harry Miner's right-hand man some twenty-five years ago, and since then had been the owner of a burlesque organization for many seasons. Robie was a theatrical man of the old school. He had been in every town in the United States and Canada large enough to play in, and was at home wherever he went. That counted for much in the old days, when syndicates had not yet displaced the individual, when men were more than cast-iron contracts, and, figuratively speaking, "kind hearts were more than coronets" in the show business.

FOLLOWING the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, it was found that he has bequeathed the sum of $150,000 to Frau Katie Schratt, an actress who had for many years been an intimate associate of the aged ruler. This woman, although now seventy years of age, recently reappeared at a concert-hall in Pressburg, and delivered recitations with great success, some Viennese newspaper critics comparing her to Sarah Bernhardt. She intends acting in a new play especially written for her.

ONE of the products of night Broadway which is seen in greater numbers every year is the "wise guy." He is seen at his best—or worst, if you like—in the brightly-lighted stretch of Forty-second street, west of Broadway, where the theatres dig elbows into each other. The "wise" one may be any age between seventeen and seventy, and much of the time he is chewing a toothpick. You can't "put anything over" on a knowing card who is masticating a toothpick. He can look you over, while his jaws slowly wig-wag, with a cold superiority unapproachable by any one but a man in a box office at eight in the evening. The "wise guy" is always hanging around a theatre entrance, but seldom seems to have any business connection with the house. On the other hand, he can tell you, out of the corner of his overworked mouth, just how much any house along the street took in last night, how much "paper" is in tonight, what plays are in rehearsal to take the place of supposed successes within a week or so, who is to be Caruso's successor at the Metropolitan, where there is "open time" from New York to San Francisco, why an obvious failure is kept on week after week at a loss "never less than five hundred bucks a night," and why a certain leading lady always eats mushrooms for breakfast. The "wise guy" is amusing and generally harmless, but one cannot help wondering what he really does to get money for the presentable clothes he wears and the meals which presumably precede the toothpicks he seems to relish so much.

WHEN a certain male star decided to revive one of his former successes after a lapse of some dozen years, he also determined to re-engage various members of the original cast. Among these was an experienced actor who was still in the prime of life but who was out of employment because of the slack season. He could not, therefore, take serious offense at the star's remark, "You are now too old to play your original part as my *brother*, so you will have to play my *father* instead!" But to his intimates the brother-father whispered, "The stars of the stage, like the stars of the heavens, never grow old—apparently!"

VIOLET HEMING, who began last season in "Sonya," and finished in "The Rubicon," comes legitimately by her dramatic ability, for she traces her ancestry directly to John Heming, partner of Henry Condell of the historic Globe Theatre, who published the first folio of Shakespeare's works. Her father is Alfred Heming, who has acted recently in this country, and her mother is remembered as Mabel Allen, an English singer. Her uncles, the Hemings and the Daltons, are well-known players on the English stage, one of them, Charles Dalton, being equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Her parents had a home on the Isle of Man where such noted players as Fred Terry, Julia Neilson, Albert Chevalier and Mrs. Langtry visited, Violet's early playmates being Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Derwent Hall Caine. It was at the Grand Theatre there that the first performance, known in England as "the copyright performance," of Hall Caine's play, "The Christian," was given, her parents and Mr. and Mrs. Caine taking part in the production. Violet made her stage début at the age of seven in "The Bohemian Girl," making a hit at fourteen as Wendy in "Peter Pan." For two years she was leading lady with George Arliss.

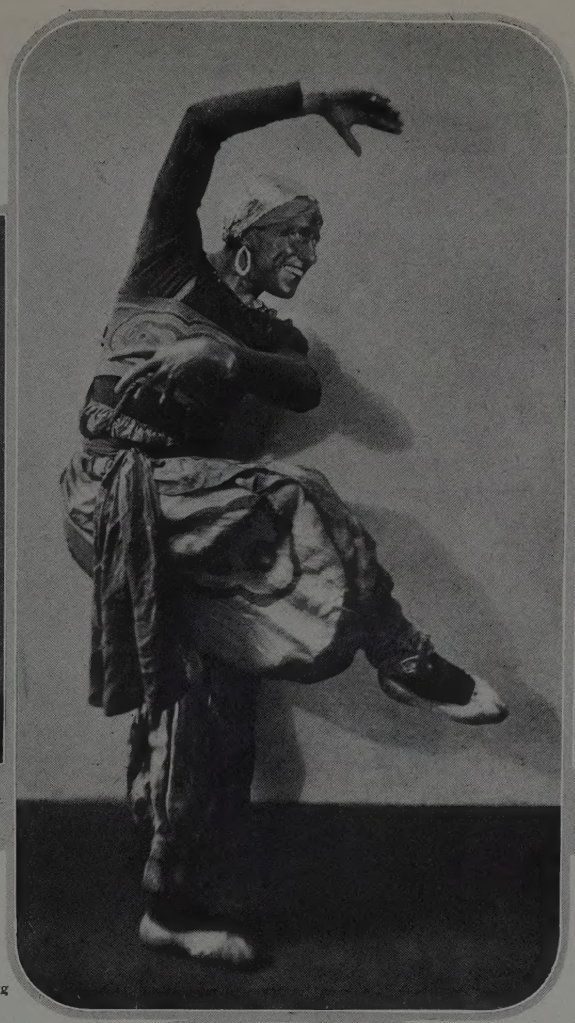
HUGH J. WARD, now in New York, is so well known as a prominent manager in Australia, that few persons remember him as one of the most talented character comedians on the American stage



Apeda

ZITA AND NARA LOCKFORD

These latest importations from Paris, whose dancing partakes so daringly of the acrobatic, are now gracing the stage of "The Rose of Stamboul" with a skill which admirers compare with the best work of Pavlowa and Mordkin



Goldberg



Goldberg

FRED AND ADELE ASTAIRE

This sprightly pair, whose dancing and drolleries make one of the brightest spots in the musical comedy, "For Goodness Sake," while still in their teens, have danced their way to fame through Vaudeville, "Apple Blossoms" and "The Love Letter."



Goldberg

FLORENCE MILLS AND THE GEORGIA VAMPS

This dusky beauty, now starring in "Night Time" and "Dixie Land" at *The Plantation* with the "Six Georgia Vamps," two of whom are seen here, appeared earlier in the season as the feature attraction in "Shuffle Along."

(Top Center)

ALEXANDER OUMANSKY

To put on a new ballet every week is something of a feat. That's what this expert Russian dancer succeeds in achieving at the Capitol, where he has been ballet master for the past two years. He is seen above as he appears in the ballet, "Scheherazade."

DANCERS OF ALL LANDS AND STYLES

nearly a quarter of a century ago. One of his great parts was the Baron Chevrial, in "A Parisian Romance," the short tragi-comedy which the late Richard Mansfield made famous. Mr. Ward played the rickety old *roué* according to his own conception of the character and with many original touches that made it a complete, individual rendition. Australia acquired a shrewd, discerning producer when Hugh Ward went there. At the same time the American stage lost an actor of unusually fine parts.

THE director's lot is not a happy one!" said one of the gentry in question to the present writer. "He has to train a company of players in the interpretations of the various rôles, so that the production will be composed of a number of perfect parts to comprise a perfect whole. Left to their own devices each actor would give an individual characterization that would be at variance with the others, each most probably seeking to obtrude his or her own personality in some way or other. The director must assign them their positions, designate when they shall stand and when they shall sit, when they shall laugh and when they shall weep. When it is remembered what a 'temperamental' lot these actors are, it may be realized that the director has trials and tribulations.

BUT one of his worst experiences is when the author of the piece insists on attending each rehearsal and requires to be consulted about each alteration. Sometimes the play will read well enough in manuscript, but will need changes in business, with omissions of some lines and additions to others. The director sees this, and tries to explain it to the author. Sometimes the author has more common sense than personal vanity, but as a rule he regards his play as a masterpiece, beyond reproach, and will behave as though he were being insulted and persecuted. Therefore the only thing for a director to do is to have a definite understanding with the producer, so that he is given complete authority at the rehearsals. Of course when the playwright is a woman, the situation is worse than ever. I have known authoresses to have hysterics, to create disaffection in the company, and to send anonymous letters to the director, calling him everything under the sun from a pickpocket to a murderer!"

ALTHOUGH the average player, just like the average playgoer, is likely to profess disdain for "burlesque shows," from this branch of the theatrical profession many actors and actresses have developed into headliners in higher grade attractions. Lillian Russell began her career in a burlesque of the then popular "Pirates of Penzance," at Tony Pastor's Theatre in New York, while Rose Coghlan, after appearing in London as Richard II in "Wat Tyler, M. P.," and as Charles II in "Nell Gwynne," came to America in 1872 to play Jupiter in "Ixion," all of these pieces being typical burlesque. Weber and Fields gained popularity in burlesque, and so did Sam Bernard, who first appeared at Henderson's Music Hall at Coney Island and later toured with "The Night Owls" and the Russell Brothers. Joseph Cawthorn made his début at Robinson's Music Hall, New York, and followed with Haverly's minstrels, other ex-burlesquers being Frank Tinney, Leon Errol, James Barton, George Bickel, Harry Watson, Jr., Lester Allen, Bert Baker, and, last but not least, that inimitable artist, Fanny Brice.

MANY latterday celebrities of the theatre world were formerly employed as press agents. Thus we find that Marc Klaw was attending to the publicity work of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, at the same time that his future partner, A. L. Erlanger, was doing advance work for Effie Ellsler in "Hazel Kirke." Miss Ellsler is now the leading lady in the original "Bat" company. Channing Pollock, author of many successful plays, was press agent for William A. Brady and that manager's actress-wife, Grace George, before acting in a similar capacity for the Shuberts. James Forbes, who also made his mark as a playwright, began as publicity man for the Metropolitan Grand English Opera Company and later for Amelia Bingham. Charles B. Dillingham, who is now one of the most successful producing managers in America, after having been dramatic editor of the *New York Evening Sun,* became press agent for Charles Frohman. Verily, verily, "it pays to advertise!"

IF you keep your theatre programmes it is a real pleasure to turn back to them and vividly revive memories of some of the really worth-while productions that you have seen. But the undescriptive manner in which they are printed these days makes it difficult later to identify the players and the rôles they enact. Before me is the bill of a play admirably acted in many of the parts of which there could not have been less than twenty. The names of the characters were as commonplace as the names of the actors who played them. Allow a little time to elapse and on referring back to the programme how would you ever be able to determine whether Bill Jones was the Sheriff, the bartender or the undertaker, or whether Mamie Smith was the heroine, the maid or the cook? Perhaps the companies which supply the programmes do not care for the additional labor of printing these details, but they are very helpful when long casts have to be analyzed for proper information.

THE Little Theatre movement is increasing. If the managers would pay more attention to these organizations they would find brilliant material from which to recruit the ranks of good actors and actresses. This past winter there has been a wave of dramatic fever among so-called amateurs, who produce classic and literary plays because they cannot get them done any other way. Talented performances are the rule rather than the exception. When will the theatrical manager get over the habit of casting a play with the same people year in and year out? Actors are waiting for a chance which the managers refuse to give them, because they are unknown. One performance is all many of the unknowns need to place them in line for progress and success.

WHEN one sees Richard Bennett in one of the ultra-serious plays he affects nowadays, and in which he so often has a more or less bizarre character, it is interesting to recall him as the smiling, offhand young newspaper reporter he was in Augustus Thomas' "The Other Girl," not so many years ago. Possibly, Mr. Bennett would regard such a part as too light for him today, but he never did better work than in that sketchy little rôle. It was one of the few *real* reporters the stage has ever seen. Wonder if he ever thinks of that!

IT is an old saying that we "can get used to anything." One illustration of the truth of this axiom is the philosophy with which New York theatregoers accept the disappearance of the orchestra in houses where straight drama is presented. Of course, it is gratifying to know that the management is saving money by shutting musicians out of the orchestra pit, but it is a question whether the chill thrown over the audience by the curtain going up "cold" amid the depressing silence does not make it hard for the actors to get the play fairly going in the first act. If no other relief suggests itself, perhaps it might be arranged to have some of the stage crew "double in brass."

A NEW business enterprise particularly interesting to the profession is The Theatrical Women's Exchange, on West Forty-seventh street. The scheme was evolved by three actresses—Hilda Spong, Margaret Allen, and Anita Clarendon. Appreciating the fact that the lean theatrical season threw hundreds of actors and actresses out of work, they decided they would open a shop so that fellow members of their profession—jobless—might market the by-products of their training. It was realized that a jobless actress could turn her hands to cooking, millinery, interior decorating, mending, embroidering, designing, and a dozen other arts. So they established this Exchange, where actors and actresses, for a small fee, can market the miscellaneous articles they have made. They charge 15% commission, and a $2.00 entrance fee. They have a mending bureau in connection with the main bureau, where helpless bachelors can have their clothes mended, and their socks darned; they have a professional readers' bureau for blind people and invalids; and there is also the "Stage Door Inn," presided over by charming former actresses, and where excellent home-cooked food can be obtained. A department of designing and costumes is planned, where children's parties will be arranged and managed; and a catering service is also to be put into effect. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt will assist with the social end of the Exchange. Others in the profession who will be patrons are: Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Elsie Ferguson, William Faversham, Minnie Dupree, Hassard Short, Laurette Taylor, Helen Hayes, George Tyler, Blanche Yurka, Helen Freeman, and Gail Kane.



Floyd

IAN KEITH

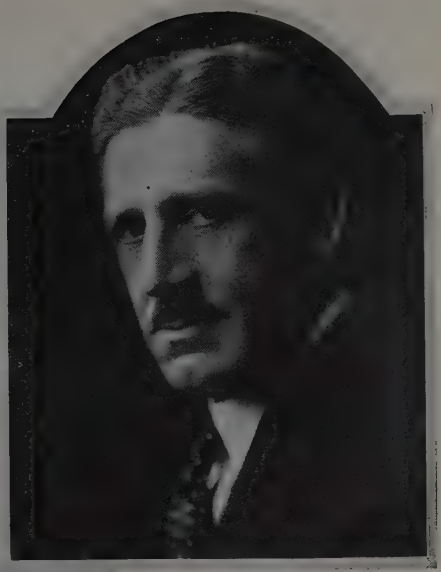
For the grace and poise shown by this Scotch-American actor as the French Ambassador in "The Czarina."



Morrison

EDOUARD DURAND

For the magnificent performance this French comedian gave as the mercenary, rapacious papa in "The French Doll."



Bangs

CLAUDE KING

For the authority with which this versatile English actor invested his triple rôle of Lubin, Confucius and Martellus in "Back to Methuselah."

O. P. HEGGIE

For his unforgettable stage portrait as the nonagenarian poet in "The Truth About Blayds."





TOM POWERS

For the skill with which, the only man in the cast, he carries "The First Fifty Years" through seven scenes of artistic triumph.

©Moffett



Victor Georg

MAURICE HOLLAND

For the ease and charm with which he dons the costume and manners of the early fifties.

BASIL RATHBONE

For his excellent performance as the dashing, impetuous Cossack, Count Alexei, in "The Czarina."



©Marceau

NOMINATED FOR THE THEATRICAL HALL OF FAME—

How the Stage Came To Be "Respectable"

Both Church and Society Now Acknowledge the Actor to be a Power for Good

By JAMES L. FORD

Author of "Forty-one Years in the Literary Shop," etc.

THE dust has settled on the arena which but yesterday was a forum for that age-old and wearisome church and stage discussion from which so many self-seeking individuals have plucked the bay leaves of publicity. The two gladiators have retired, each with his sheaf of self-advertisement and it is now in order to remark that the old-time antagonism between the religious element and the theatre no longer exists, and that the best way to revive it is by means of public discussions carried on by performers instead of earnest champions.

It is important also, to bear in mind that the ancient prejudice against plays and players was not confined to churchgoers, but was shared by the very large and substantial element closely affiliated with them, and that these two groups now form the very backbone of theatrical patronage. In no respect has the quicksand of public opinion shifted more completely during the past half century than in its attitude toward the footlights, and it is greatly to the credit of our stage that it has succeeded in overcoming this opposition, despite the handicap placed on its efforts by managers who, from time to time, produce plays offensive to good taste.

It is not often that the clergy denounce the stage from the pulpit, and as a general thing, they are, themselves, playgoers. Moreover, many churches, notably those of the Roman Catholic communion, encourage amateur theatricals among the young people of their congregations and thus breed new generations of theatregoers.

COMPARE these conditions with those that prevailed half a century and more ago, when the variety stage, despite the fact that it offered clean, though sometimes crude entertainment, was still in bad odor; when the nation swarmed with individuals whose proud boast it was that they had never been inside of a theatre; when managers looked forward to Lent as a season barren of profit and when it was a notorious fact that all managers died poor. Compare the past with the present and we realize the immensity of the change that has taken place.

In those far off years, theatrical management, fully conscious of the influence wielded by the churchly and affiliated bodies and the enormous element that never entered a play house except to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Ten Nights in a Barroom," always yearned for some piece that would "catch the deacons" as they expressed it. Modern management pays less attention to deaconish tastes but aims at securing a drama that will interest saint and sinner alike.

Within my own memory, P. T. Barnum, whose respect for ecclesiastic influence is aptly indicated in his famous line, "Clergymen and their wives of all denominations admitted free," and who estimated the sentiments of his day more accurately than any showman yet produced in this country, saw fit to call his theatre a "lecture room" in deference to a widespread prejudice that was part and parcel of that love of humbug that we have inherited from our Anglo-Saxon forebears. And no feature in his museum was more popular than the little stage on which I, myself, have witnessed a performance of the great moral and religious drama, "Joseph and His Brethren," with an attractive ballet divertissement introduced at the close of the first act. That New England of his day was permeated with an even greater love of humbug is evidenced by the fact that the management of Boston's leading theatre called that place of amusement a museum and carried out the illusion by installing a number of stuffed birds in the lobby. Through this feathered ambuscade the churchgoing element of that day was lured to the no less innocent delights of comedy, farce, drama and even spectacle.

TO come down to a much later period, that of the early Eighties, the appearance in this country of Henry Irving and his splendid company in representations of Shakespearean and other classic dramas, did much to lighten the burden of humbug and prejudice under which the theatre had long been staggering. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was the most liberal-minded preacher of his generation and one of the bravest as well, for he had already courted popular disapproval by championing a more liberal observance of Sunday and showing himself in other respects a man of progress and enlightenment. Yet he had never seen the inside of a theatre until he was induced to witness a performance by the Irving company. And it was soon after, that narrow-minded individuals, including some of his own congregation, learned with horror that he had entertained that distinguished actor and Miss Terry in his Brooklyn home. The stage, as most of us know, is deeply indebted to Henry Irving for raising our entire standard of theatrical productions, but he has never yet received the credit due him for, at the same time, dispelling some of the clouds of ignorance and prejudice that prevented worthy people from enjoying the theatre.

THE Mallorys also did much to lessen the load of intolerance with which the American stage was burdened, for as proprietors of *The Churchman,* the leading organ of its faith, their righteousness could not be questioned, and, with true New England shrewdness, they maintained the widespread belief in their sanctity by closing their theatre on the night of Good Friday, a policy that Mr. Daniel Frohman followed later during his tenancy of the Lyceum. I need not add that public attention to this fact was skilfully directed by their able press agent. Moreover, the Mallorys produced only clean plays and marketed them with considerable skill. There must have been at least five "Hazel Kirke" companies at large during the vogue of that popular drama and so carefully was the country combed that no town large enough to support a theatre escaped their vigilance. Their achievements were not only profitable to themselves but to other managers, for they added materially to the playgoing element.

It has always been my opinion that Sarah Bernhardt did much to lighten the embargo on stage productions, for she came at a time when the public, largely speaking, was too unsophisticated to disassociate the player from her art and the shrewdest manager regarded the virtue of an actress or, failing that, a reputation for virtue, as her most important asset, and in the creation and preservation of such reputations the early press agents were already giving us a taste of the quality which has since developed to an extent to which but few laymen are aware. I recall one of these who dubbed his operatic star, a woman of undeniable good character, "Honest Emma" on the ground that, despite financial temptation, she steadfastly refused to appear in the rôle of that immoral woman, "Traviata." During the later years of her vogue, however, she gained fresh publicity by adding the part to her repertoire on the ground that it was her duty to utter a warning word to the young women of the nation.

MME. BERNHARDT arrived in this country when the discussion as to whether Christian men and women should go to the theatre to see her act, was raging among the intolerant classes with a virulence that brought about a reaction and so disgusted the right-minded that they rallied to her support. I have never seen an audience as distinguished as that which filled Booth's Theatre to overflowing on the night of her first appearance in America, and that audience, whose personnel was duly chronicled in the press, not only set the pace for her entire season, but did much to remove prejudice against the theatrical profession.

The decay of this prejudice has proved of benefit not only to the stage but in a much larger sense to those narrow-minded ones who used to boast that they had never darkened a playhouse door, at the same time conveying the idea that they expected to enter eternal life on the strength of having neglected in this world some of the good things that Providence provided for them. When I think of all the wholesome amusement, the opportunities for the re-creation of mind, soul and body and the cultivation of literary tastes from which such misguided

(*Continued on page* 402)



JULIA LYDIG HOYT

Who would show only her picture to the world when she can step before the footlights and receive all the applause in person? Or so, at any rate, thinks this striking young révoltée, who left society for the movies a year or two ago, only to desert the screen for the stage when she appeared as leading lady with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man" during the past season

Goldberg



Nickolas Muray

ELIZABETH MOFFAT AS GUIBOUR

Statuesque young American actress, seen here recently in the medieval miracle play, "Guibour," and who has many assets which should take her far in her profession—youth, beauty, intelligence and dramatic temperament, added to a fine stage presence



Nickolas Muray

LATEST PORTRAIT OF YVETTE GUILBERT

Now touring Europe with her dramatic students, this delightful French artist is seen here as Dame Renaud, in her own production of "Guibour"

MODERN ACTRESSES IN MEDIÆVAL ROLES

"The Dover Road"

A Comedy in Three Acts by A. A. Milne

DISTINGUISHED among contemporary dramatists for the freshness of idea, the lightness and whimsicality of touch, which he brings to the adornment of that esssentially English achievement, the drawing-room comedy, the author of "Mr. Pim Passes By," now on tour, and "The Truth About Blayds," his most recent success, both in London and New York, needs no introduction to American audiences. The following excerpts are printed here by courtesy of Guthrie McClintic.

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THE scene is laid just off the famous road leading from London to Dover, in the reception hall of a wealthy but eccentric bachelor named Latimer, who employs his wealth and indulges his altruism by detaining runaway couples en route for France, and giving them a week of pre-marital companionship in which to discover each other. By this method of treatment, many unhappy marriages have been prevented, and a few fortunate ones encouraged. Leonard and Anne, the eloping couple of the comedy, are forced to seek shelter for the night in this so-called hotel of Latimer's, when their car breaks down on the way to Dover. They are greatly mystified by the fact that the servants, headed by Dominic, the impressive major-domo, greet them as expected guests.

DOMINIC: Mr. Latimer will be down in two minutes, my lady. He asks you to forgive him for not being here to receive you.

LEONARD: Mr. Latimer? Who on earth's Mr. Latimer?

DOMINIC: If you would wish to be shown your room, my lady—

ANNE: (*Who has not taken her eyes off him*). No, thank you.

LEONARD: (*Stepping forward*). Look here, my man, is this a hotel, or have we come to a private house by mistake?

DOMINIC: A sort of hotel, my lord. I assure your lordship there is no mistake. Thank you, my lady. . . .

(*The two footmen and the two chambermaids come and take up positions on each side of the table*).

DOMINIC: Mr. Latimer! (*Mr. Latimer comes in. Dominic and staff retire*).

LATIMER: Good evening! (*He bows with an air. A middle-aged gentleman, dressed rather fantastically as regards his tie and his dinner jacket and the flower in his buttonhole*).

LEONARD: Good evening! Er—

LATIMER: You will forgive me for being announced in my own house, but I find that it saves a good deal of trouble. If I had just come in and said "I am Mr. Latimer," then *you* would have had to say 'And I am —er—So—and So, and this is—er—' Exactly. I mean we can get on so much better without names. But of course—

LEONARD: You will excuse me, sir, but—

LATIMER: (*Going happily on*). But, of course, as you were just going to say, we must call each other *something*. (*Thoughtfully*). I think I shall call you Leonard. There is something about you—forgive the liberty—something Leonardish. (*With a very sweet smile to Anne*). I am sure you agree with me. . . .

LEONARD: (*Coldly*). I think we have had enough of this, Mr. Latimer. I was giving you the benefit of the doubt. If you are not mad, then I will ask you for some other explanation of all this nonsense.

LATIMER: (*Sniffing at the flower in his buttonhole*). An impetuous character, Leonard. It must be so obvious to everybody else in the room that an explanation will be forthcoming. But why not a friendly explanation following a friendly supper?. . . . But there is still this question of names. Now we agreed about Leonard—

ANNE: (*Looking at Latimer fearlessly*). My name is Anne.

LATIMER: Thank you, Miss Anne.

LEONARD: (*Awkwardly*). Er—my wife.

LATIMER: Then I am tempted to leave out the "Miss". . . .

The explanation follows a supper disturbed by Leonard's increasing nervousness.

ANNE: How did you know we were coming?

LATIMER: Saunders had his instructions to bring you.

LEONARD: (*Starting up from his chair . . .*). Saunders! My chauffeur! Do you mean to tell me that you had the audacity to bribe my chauffeur?

LATIMER: No, no, Leonard. What I mean is that you had the foolhardiness to bribe my friend Saunders to be your chauffeur. . . .

ANNE: Mr. Latimer, I should like to know *why* you are so interested in us. Who are you?

LATIMER: No more than Mr. Latimer. It is a purely impersonal interest which I take—and I take it just because you are going the Dover Road, my dear, and it is a dangerous road for a young girl to travel. . . .

LEONARD: Anne! (*He means "let's get out of this." He makes a movement to the front door*).

LATIMER: The door is locked, Leonard.

LEONARD: (*Bending over him and putting his face very close to Latimer's*). Ah! Then I will give you one minute in which to open it, Mr. Latimer. (*Dominic has come in*).

LATIMER: Dominic, his lordship's face is just a little too close to mine. Could you? . . . Thank you. (*Leonard has started back on noticing Dominic*). . . .

LEONARD: Well, I'm. . . . It's monstrous!

ANNE: Yes, but we can't keep on saying that. Here we are apparently, and here we have to stay. But I still want to know very much *why* Mr. Latimer has this great desire for our company.

LEONARD: You have the advantage of us now, sir, but you will not always have it. . . .

This gross insult to my self and. . . . er . . . my . . . wife.

LATIMER: (*Shaking his head*). No, no. Not your wife.

LEONARD: How dare you!

LATIMER: (*In alarm*). Surely I haven't made a mistake. (*To Anne*). You and he are running away together, aren't you?

LEONARD: (*A step nearer*). Look here, sir . . .

ANNE: Oh, Leonard, what's the good? We aren't ashamed of it, are we? Yes, Mr. Latimer, we are running away together.

LATIMER: Of course! Why not? Leonard, *you* aren't ashamed of it, are you?

LEONARD: I object to this interference in my private affairs by a. . .

LATIMER: Yes, yes, but you've said all that. It's interfering of me, damnably interfering. But I am doing it because I want you both to be happy.

LEONARD: I can look after my own happiness.

LATIMER: *And* this lady's?



Abbe

ACT I. Jacob (*Edwin H. Morse*) shows Leonard (*Reginald Mason*) to his room, leaving Latimer (*Charles Cherry*) to the peace of his own house and a book.



Study by Maurice Goldberg

PIERROT DESERTED

LEONARD: She is good enough to believe it. . . .

ANNE: Living alone here, a bachelor, within these high walls which keep the world out, you believe what the fairy-books tell us, that once two people are married they live happy ever after.

LATIMER: Oh, no, I don't.

ANNE: I am the wicked woman coming between the happy husband and wife, breaking up the happy home. Is that it, Mr. Latimer?

LEONARD: Rubbish! The happy home! Why, this is my first real chance of happiness.

LATIMER: His first real chance of happiness! He said that when he proposed to Eustasia.

LEONARD: (*Upset*). What's that?

LATIMER: (*To Anne*). May I ask *you* some questions now?

ANNE: Yes?

LATIMER: Eustasia will divorce him?

LEONARD: We shall not defend the suit.

LATIMER: And then you will marry Anne? . . .

ANNE: He will marry me, Mr. Latimer.

LATIMER: I see. And then, so the fairy-books tell us, you will live happy ever after? . . .

ANNE: (*Raising her eyes to his*). I take the risk, Mr. Latimer.

LATIMER: But a big risk. . . . Oh, believe me, I am not so much out of the world as you think. Should I have known all about you, should I have brought you here, if I were? I know the world; I know the risks of marriage. Marriage is an art . . . well, it's a profession in itself. (*Sharply*). And what are you doing? Marrying a man whose only qualifications for the profession is that he has tried it once, and made a damned hash of it.

After some further conversation, Anne retires to bed by the door on the right, and Leonard on the left, leaving Latimer reading as the curtain falls. The opening of Act II discloses the fact that, by an interesting coincidence, Leonard's wife Eustasia, and Nicholas, the young man with whom she is eloping, are also guests in the house. They have finished their week of probation, and are leaving that day, Eustasia supremely content, and Nicholas equally miserable, for he has decided that one week of Eustasia is more than enough. As for the other couple, Anne, having passed a comfortable night, descends clothed and in her right mind, to find that Leonard, through a series of unfortunate accidents, has caught a bad cold, has lost all his luggage, has been unable to shave, has no clothes to wear except a disreputable borrowed dressing gown, and altogether is in no fit state to continue their journey according to the arrangements Anne has just made with Mr. Latimer.

ANNE: (*Hurrying in*). Leonard, my dear! (*She observes him more thoroughly*). My *dear* Leonard!

LEONARD: (*His mouth full*). G'morning, Anne.

ANNE: (*Coldly*). Good-morning.

LEONARD: (*Getting up, napkin in hand*). How are you this morning? (*He comes towards her, wiping his mouth*).

ANNE: No, please go on with your breakfast. (*In alarm*). What is it? (*His face assumes an agonized expression. He sneezes. Anne shudders*).

LEONARD: Got a nasty cold. Can't understand it. First I've ever had in my life.

ANNE: Do you sneeze like that much?

LEONARD: Off and on.

ANNE: Oh!. . . . Hadn't you better get on with your breakfast?

LEONARD: Well, I will, if you don't mind. Good thing for a cold, isn't it? Eat a lot.

ANNE: I really know very little about colds. . . . Do get on with your breakfast.

LEONARD: (*Going back*). Well, I will if you don't mind. You had yours?

ANNE: Yes.

LEONARD: That's right. (*Resuming it*). Did you have one of these kippers?

ANNE: No.

LEONARD: Ah! a pity. I will say that for Latimer's cook, she knows how to do a kipper. Much more difficult than people think.



ACT III. Eustasia (*Molly Pearson*) applies scientific treatment to Leonard's cold. "Now, dear. Under the tongue."

ANNE: I really know very little about kippers.

LEONARD: I have often wondered why somebody doesn't invent one without bones. (*He takes a mouthful*). Seeing what science can do nowadays . . . (*He stops. Anne's eye is on him. He says nothing, but waves with his hand for her to look the other way*).

ANNE: What is it! (*He frowns fiercely and continues to wave. She says coldly*). I beg your pardon. (*She turns away. He removes a mouthful of bones*).

LEONARD: (*Cheerfully*). Right oh, darling. . . . After all, what do they *want* all these bones for? Other fish manage without them. (*He continues his kipper*). . . .

An immediate departure being impossible, Leonard settles down to the serious business of shaving in the hall, where no unkind draughts, such as hung about his bedroom can aggravate his cold. Nicholas enters.

NICHOLAS: Shaving?

LEONARD: (*Exasperated*). . Well, what the devil did you think I was doing?

NICHOALS: Shaving. (*He sits down. Leonard goes on with the good work*).

LEONARD: A—tish—oo?

NICHOLAS: Got a cold?

LEONARD: Obviously.

NICHOLAS: (*Sympathetically*). Horrid, sneezing when you're all covered with soap.

LEONARD: Look here, I didn't ask for your company, and I don't want your comments.

NICHOLAS: Well, if it comes to that, I was here first, and I didn't ask you to shave in the hall.

LEONARD: (*With dignity*). There are reasons why it is necessary for me to shave in the hall.

NICHOLAS: Don't bother to tell me. I know 'em.

LEONARD: What do you mean? . . .

NICHOLAS: You haven't tumbled to it, yet?

LEONARD: (*Not understanding*). Tumbled to what?

NICHOLAS: The fact that a week ago there were reasons why it was necessary for *me* to shave in the hall.

LEONARD: You! . . . You don't mean. . . .

NICHOLAS: Yes, I do.

LEONARD: You lost your luggage?

NICHOLAS: Yes.

LEONARD: You woke up with a cold?

NICHOLAS: Yes. . . . Horrid, sneezing when you're all covered with soap.

LEONARD: (*Excitedly*). I say, that fellow . . whatsisname—didn't drop *your* clothes in the bath?

NICHOLAS: Oh, rather . . . . Damned smart chap, Latimer!

LEONARD: Damned scoundrel!

NICHOLAS: Oh, no. He's quite right. One learns a lot down here.

LEONARD: I shall leave this house at once . . . as soon as I have shaved.

NICHOLAS: You still want to? . . . Oh, well, you haven't been here long enough, I suppose. . . .

LEONARD: Curious creatures, women.

NICHOLAS: Amazing.

LEONARD: It's a life's work in itself trying to understand 'em. And then you're no further.

NICHOLAS: A week told *me* all I wanted to know. . . .

LEONARD: What was it the poet said about them?

NICHOLAS: What didn't he say?

LEONARD: No. *You* know the one I mean. How does it begin? . . . "O woman, in our hours of ease—"

NICHOLAS: "Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

LEONARD: That's it. Well, I grant you *that*— . . . But in the next two lines he misses the point altogether. When—what is it?—"When pain and anguish wring the brow—"

NICHOLAS: (*With feeling*). "A ministering angel thou."

LEONARD: Yes, and it's a lie. It's simply a lie.

NICHOLAS: My dear fellow, it's the truest thing anybody ever said. Only—only one gets too much of it.

LEONARD: True? Nonsense.

NICHOLAS: Evidently you don't know anything about women.

LEONARD: (*Indignantly*). *I?*—not know anything about women?. . .

NICHOLAS: If you did know anything about 'em, you'd know that there's nothing they like more than doing the ministering angel business.

LEONARD: Ministering angel?

NICHOLAS: "Won't you have a little more of this, and won't you have a little more of that, and how is the poor cold today, and—?"



Muray

MARILYNN MILLER

Not her light fantastic toe, but the charm of her little-girl bobbed head, is the feature of this new picture of the ever popular star of "Sally."



White

EDNA HIBBARD

Lively, pert, and altogether delightful, is this piquant little actress, now playing the ingénue in "The French Doll." Miss Hibbard's stage successes include "The Poppy God," "The Bad Man," and the musical comedies "Rock-a-bye Baby" and "Tumble In."



Muray

HELEN GILMORE

Versatility is the strong suit of this player, now appearing with Grace George in "The Exquisite Hour," for, in addition to her success as an actress, she has won distinction as a character singer, pianist, and dancer.

PLAYERS WHO CAPTIVATE BROADWAY

LEONARD: You really think that women talk like that?

NICHOLAS: How else do you think they talk?

LEONARD: My dear fellow! . . . Why. I mean, just take my own case as an example. Here am I, with a very nasty cold, the first I've ever had in my life. I sit down to a bit of breakfast—not wanting it particularly, but feeling that, for the sake of my health, I ought to try and eat something. And what happens?

LATIMER: (*He enters during this speech. . . . Trying to guess the answer*). You eat too much.

LEONARD: (*Turning round angrily*). Ah, so it's you! You have come just in time, Mr. Latimer. I propose to leave your house at once. . . . (*Anne comes in*).

LEONARD: Anne, my dear, we are leaving the house at once. Are you ready?

ANNE: (*Looking from one to the other in surprise*). But I've just taken my hat off. Besides, you can't go like that? . . .

EUSTASIA: (*From outside*). Nich-o-las! (*Leonard looks up in astonishment*).

NICHOLAS: (*Gloomily*). Hallo! . . .

EUSTASIA: (*Entering*). Are you ready, darling? . . . (*She sees her husband*). Leonard!

NICHOLAS: (*Understanding*). Leonard!

ANNE: Eustasia!

(*They stare at each other open-mouthed—all but Mr. Latimer. His eyes on the ceiling, whistling a little tune to himself, Mr. Latimer walks—almost, you might say, dances up and down, up and down behind them. "I did this!" he is saying to himself, "I did it!"*)

In Act III we are just where we were—except that—(*Mr. Latimer has stopped his dance, and is regarding his visitors benevolently. Their mouths are now closed, but they have not said anything yet*).

ANNE: (*Impatiently*). Oh, isn't anybody going to say anything? Mr. Latimer, while Leonard is thinking of something, you might introduce me to his wife.

LATIMER: I beg your pardon. Eustasia, this is Anne.

ANNE: How do you do?

EUSTASIA: How do you do?

LATIMER: Leonard, this is Nicholas.

NICHOLAS: (*Nodding*). We've met. Quite old friends.

LEONARD: I repudiate the friendship. We met—under false pretences. I—I—Well, upon my word, I don't know *what* to say.

NICHOLAS: Then don't say it, old boy. Here we all are, and we've got to make the best of it.

LEONARD: I—I—a—*tish*—oo!

EUSTASIA: (*Alarmed*). Leonard, you have a cold!

NICHOLAS: A very nasty cold.

ANNE: (*Coldly*). It will be better when he has finished his breakfast.

LEONARD: (*Hurt*). I *have* finished my breakfast. A long time ago.

ANNE: I beg your pardon. (*She indicates the towel around his neck*). I misunderstood.

LEONARD: (*Pulling it away*). I've been shaving.

EUSTASIA: But, Leonard, dear, I don't understand. I've never known you ill before.

LEONARD: I never have been ill before. But I *am* ill now. Very ill. And nobody minds at all. This fellow Latimer inveigles me here . . . and purposely gives me a cold. You (*pointing accusingly to Anne*) are entirely unmoved by my sufferings, instead of which you make fun of the very simple breakfast which I had forced myself to eat. You (*to Nicholas*) run away with my wife, at a time when I am ill and unable to protect her, and you (*to Eustasia*)—Well, all I can say is that you surprise me, Eustasia, you surprise me. I didn't think you had it in you.

LATIMER: A masterly summing-up of the case. Well, I hope you're all ashamed of yourselves.

EUSTASIA: But, Leonard, how rash of you to *think* of running away with a cold like this. (*She goes up and comforts him*). You must take care of yourself—Eustasia will take care of you, and get you well. Poor boy! He had a nasty, nasty cold, and nobody looked after him. Mr. Latimer, I shall want some mustard, and hot water, and eucalyptus—

LATIMER: But, of course!

LEONARD: (*To Anne*). There you are! As soon as somebody who really understands illness comes on the scene, you see what happens. Mustard, eucalyptus—she has it all at her fingers' ends.

DOMINIC: (*He enters*). Yes, sir?

LATIMER: A small mustard and water for his lordship.

EUSTASIA: It's to put his feet in, not to drink.

LATIMER: A large mustard and water.

DOMINIC: Yes, sir.

EUSTASIA: Hot water.

DOMINIC: Yes, my lady.

EUSTASIA: And if you have any eucalyptus—

DOMINIC: Yes, my lady, we got some in specially for his lordship

LATIMER: Did Mr. Nicholas absorb all the last bottle?

DOMINIC: Yes, sir.

NICHOLAS: (*With feeling*). I fairly lived on it.

DOMINIC: (To Eustasia). Is there anything else his lordship will require?

NICHOLAS: What about a mustard-plaster?

LEONARD: Please mind your own business.

EUSTASIA: No, I don't think there's anything else, thank you.

NICHOLAS: Well, I call that very unfair. I had one.

LEONARD: Oh, did you? Well, in that case, Eustasia, I certainly don't see why—

LATIMER: (*To Dominic*). Two mustard plasters. We mustn't grudge his lordship anything.

DOMINIC: Yes, sir. (*He exists*).

EUSTASIA: (*To Leonard*). Now come over here, darling, away from the door. (*She leads him to an arm-chair in the corner of the room*). Lean on me.

ANNE: Surely one can *walk* with a cold in the head!

NICHOLAS: No, it's very dangerous.

LATIMER: Nicholas speaks as an expert.

EUSTASIA: (*Settling Leonard*). There! Is that comfy!

LEONARD: Thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA: We'll soon have you all right, dear.

LEONARD: (*Pressing her hand*). Thank you.

LATIMER: (*After a little silence*). Well, as Nicholas said just now, "Here we all are, and we've got to make the best of it." What are we all going to do?

ANNE: Please leave me out of it. I can make my own arrangements. (*She gives them a cool little bow as she goes out.*) If you will excuse me.

DOMINIC: (*He comes in with a clinical thermometer on a tray*). I thought that her ladyship might require a thermometer for his lordship's temperature.

EUSTASIA: (*Coming to him*). Thank you. I think it would be safer just to take it. And I wondered if we couldn't just put this screen round his lordship's chair.

DOMINIC: Certainly, my lady. One can't be too careful. (*He helps her with it*).

EUSTASIA: Yes, that's right.

LATIMER: (*To Nicholas*). Did *you* have the screen?

NICHOLAS: Oh, rather.

LATIMER: And the thermometer?

NICHOLAS: Yes . . . Funny thing was I liked it just at first. I don't mean the actual thermometer. I mean all the fussing.

LATIMER: It's a wonderful invention, a cold in the head. It finds you out. There's nothing like it, Nicholas, nothing.

Anne and Nicholas, now left at loose ends, decide to stay on—Anne because she has no money, and Nicholas because he is falling in love with Anne. When Anne borrows her fare home from him, however, and tells him she does not love him, he decides with Leonard, now a well man, that they are about fed up with women, and that their truest happiness lies in escaping together to the south of France. They admit Latimer to their scheme, and explain that their only difficulty is how to keep Eustasia from following Leonard. They try to persuade Dominic to pretend illness in order to detain Eustasia. Failing in that, Latimer consents to become the victim, only to have the agreeable experience of being cared for by Anne, instead of Eustasia, who has become occupied with one of the men-servants suddenly fallen ill. Latimer then tells Anne that she must stay to chaperone him and Eustasia, and Anne, nothing loath to stay, tells him so, to his great satisfaction.

The play ends with the unwelcome arrival of another runaway couple.

A VOICE FROM OUTSIDE: Oh—er—is this an hotel? My chauffeur said—we've had an accident—

DOMINIC: He was quite correct, sir. This is a sort of hotel. But it's closed just now, sir— (*He glances round at Latimer and Anne*)—pending a change in the management. (*He shuts and bolts the door, then draws the curtains*).

Curtain

THE NEXT PLAY

To Be Given In This Series Will Be

"THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS"

Play in 7 Scenes by Henry Myers

A New American Playwright

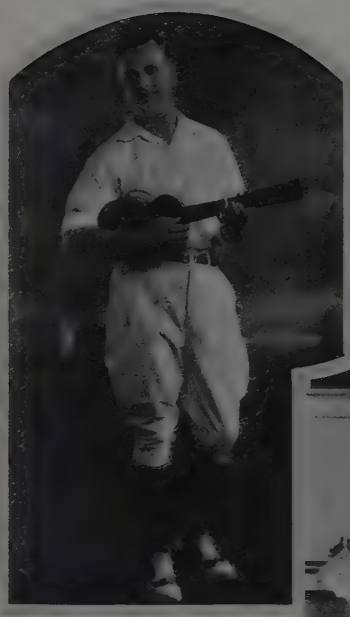
which is now running at the Princess Theatre, New York, with great success



Goldberg

OLGA COOK

As the heroine of that charming operetta of bye-gone days, "Blossom Time," this delightful prima donna achieves the greatest triumph of a career which includes leading rôles in the "Passing Show of 1921" and the "Century Promenade"



White

FRANK CRUMIT

Singing love ditties comes like second nature to this actor, now playing opposite Julia Sanderson in "Tangerine"



Lewis-Smith

JULIA SANDERSON

Broadway would not know itself without the name of this popular star, now in "Tangerine," blazing outside one of its theatres



Apeda

JAMES BARTON

This irresistible laugh-maker, co-starring in "The Rose of Stamboul," has only recently come into the limelight. Two years ago he was an obscure, burlesque comedian; today, his name spells magic on the operetta stage



Apeda

MARION GREEN

One of that constellation of three which twinkles so brightly in "The Rose of Stamboul," this talented actor is repeating the success he achieved two years ago in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

STARS AND NEAR-STARS IN MUSICAL COMEDY

Is the Stage Beauty Really Beautiful?

Handsomest Actresses Often a Disappointment When Seen Away From the Footlights

By ARCHIE BELL

WHEN Jack Norworth went to the theatre for the Monday morning rehearsal of the vaudeville bill of the week, the manager of the house asked him to introduce to the audience the "headliners" of the week, two girls who had drawn a $6,000 newspaper prize for being "the most beautiful girls in Ohio." Norworth did not decline such an invitation, was presented to the girls and during six following days, he led the trembling beauties before the footlights at two performances.

He's a connoiseur in such matters, artistically and professionally, because he has had a wide experience—he has selected girls for the chorus, and he has worked with many of them selected by others—so I asked him the question: "Is a beauty on the stage a beauty off the stage, and is a prize-winning beauty off-stage necessarily a beauty on the stage?"

He shook his head to both questions. Audiences of the week gave the same answer to the second question; but would laymen have admitted as much in a reply to the question about the stage beauty? Does not the public prefer to believe that women who are beautiful on the stage are beautiful everywhere? And are they? I have asked myself the question many times, because for years I have seen the celebrated beauties of the stage without "war paint" and I have been obliged to pinch myself sometimes to realize that I was interviewing the ones who were so beautiful when the calcium lights were turned upon their features.

IT was certain that the prize-winning beauties had beautiful facial lines off-stage; and it was just as certain that when viewed from the theatrical auditorium, they were as beautiful as any actress who knows how to wield the paint stick and the rabbit-foot.

I have had dozens of experiences to prove the contention, but I recall that the magnificent Pauline Frederick gave me first what is doubtless the correct explanation. The first time I met her she said: "Now, for heaven's sake, don't tell me that when you saw me on the stage last night I was beautiful. When anyone tells me that I am beautiful, I know that what he wants to say is that I have a pretty face but no brains."

I believe that the wise Miss Frederick saw a look of surprise in my face, because I never had seen her before off-stage; she was not "fixed up" for the stage and she knew that she bore small resemblance to the beauty I had seen in the play. Now was an occasion when she showed "brains" rather than merely a pretty face.

"But it's the truth," I ventured; "when I saw you last evening, you seemed to be the most beautiful creature my eyes had looked upon."

"Oh, did I look that way to you? Well, you see it's this way: I have rather pronounced features, a rather large nose, large eyes—and all that, but the thing is that I know how to make up my face. It's large features and the knowledge of how to make them up that makes the ensemble pleasing."

AGAIN, I was dining with the most famous of modern Roman beauties, Lina Cavalieri. I reminded her, as so many others have done, that in operatic regalia she is the most beautiful of women. It seemed that she caught the "joker" in the compliment, for Madam did not look very beautiful that evening—not for Cavalieri—and now that she was a *vis-à-vis* at table, she seemed beautiful only as all Roman girls one meets in the streets of the Italian capital are beautiful. Stand at the Spanish Stairway for ten minutes and a dozen beauties of the Cavalieri type would pass.

But Lina Cavalieri was frank about it. "God made me beautiful," she said, apparently not wishing to take too much personal credit. I was silent, but I wanted to reply: "God gave you brains enough to direct your hand when you are making up your face for the stage."

Undoubtedly, the most radiant beauty of the American stage a few years ago, and still one of the handsomest of stage women, Maxine Elliott, was a bitter disappointment to one of her admirers who approached her "unawares"—that is, in real life, while still thinking of her radiant beauty before the footlights. She knew and knows the value of a line or brush of black, purple or red, as few have known them and when she stepped from the wings, reminded one of a magnificent bird of paradise. But Maxine Elliott in a street costume—well, here's an anecdote of what I mean.

During the late war, Miss Elliott performed valiant service for the Allies, by distributing food to Belgians from a barge which was equipped from her own private funds. A French commission which had been appointed to erect a statue of Joan of Arc, heard of the splendid work of this celebrated beauty and decided that the American would be the ideal person to pose for the statue, if she could be induced to do so. They made a trip to her barge, and were presented to her as she wore her "working clothes"; but when they learned that they were addressing the lady, they bowed in chagrin for their error, mumbled a few words of praise for her fine work and retired as gracefully as possible without suggesting that she become their model.

EVER see that radiant queen of the opera, Mary Garden, off stage? If you have, you have been shocked by her plainness.

Olga Nethersole, one of the most photographed women in the world down to the advent of motion pictures, has one of the most expressive and most animated faces within recollection. Her eyes seemed to be as large as saucers in that older day when she turned them on Jean or Armand in the play and commanded him to follow her—but one who saw Nethersole at close range, when the make-up was upon her face, felt that he saw a painted mask. It was no more the great, green eyes than the purple streaks painted beneath the eyes, the Indigo eyelids and daubed, black eyelashes that made these orbs seem to shoot fire. Off-stage, Nethersole was scarcely a prize-winning beauty in her beautiful youth, but before the camera (which she knew how to fool), and in the limelight, she was one of the most beautiful of women.

Edna May—when England considered her the most beautiful of all American girls, on the stage—looked very much like an unsophisticated country girl without stage make-up, and quite certainly, she was not beautiful as the world judges beauty.

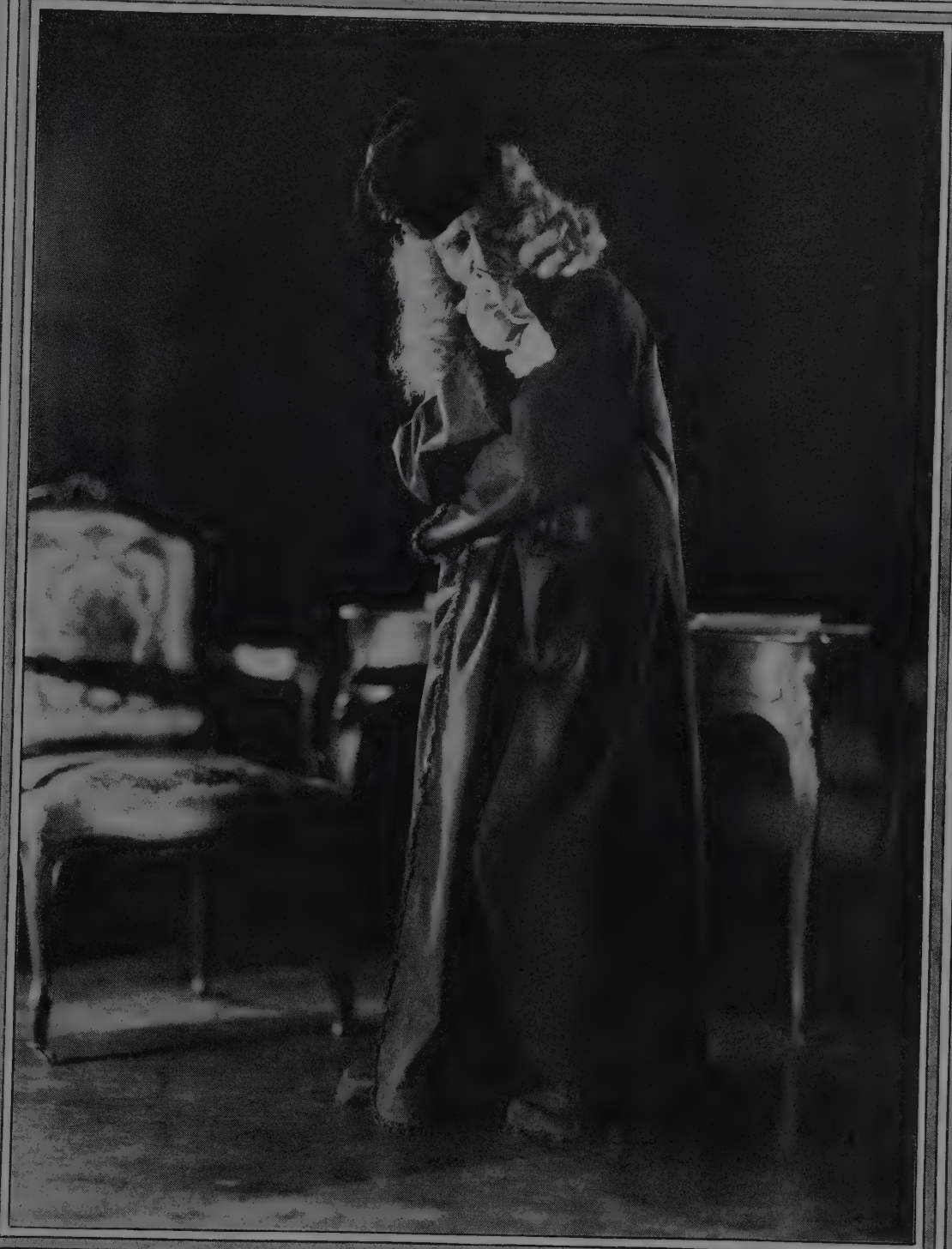
Lily Langtry. On the stage she looked like an empress (or as the world believes that empresses should look), but off-stage she showed a pale complexion, not particularly expressive eyes and while she had a well-formed face, it was not one that was noticeable for its beauty among the women in whose set she moved.

IT seems to be a tradition that all stage women must be beautiful and while few of them will admit it, they rebel when it is suggested that they appear in parts that necessitate being unlovely, which, of course, gives the popular legend currency. It is true that some of the most successful and most popular of actresses have never been considered beautiful, as note Maude Adams, Madam Schumann-Heink, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske and Marie Dressler—not to mention dozens of others—but they, along with the others, seem to cling to the tradition that stage women should be as beautiful as possible.

Observe Louise Homer, as Azucena the witch in "Il Trovatore," and you will see the same lovely face that is visible when she sings Amneris, the Egyptian princess. Recall Margaret Illington in "Kindling?" A gingham dress and squalid surroundings—but still the beautiful face.

Is it not likely that stage beauty in women is something quite apart from off-stage beauty? Is it not likely that the actress who would register the votes in a contest would not get them if she were observed after the morning game of tennis, or if caught at the bargain-counter in a department store, or perhaps, on a bathing beach? And in the same way would not prize-winning girls be overlooked for others, if standing before a line of electric bulbs on the stage—for girls with big noses, big eyes, markedly pronounced facial

(*Continued on page* 402)



Abbe

ARNOLD DALY IN "VOLTAIRE"

As the cantankerous old French satirist—the greatest the world has known—now bent and infirm from advancing years, yet with intellectual powers as keen and unimpaired as when he first lashed court and clergy with his merciless wit and irony, Mr. Daly presents one of the most striking characterizations of his career

How the Player Learns His Part

Astonishing Feats of Memory As Shown In Recent Performances

By CAROL BIRD

WHILE watching the play unfold from the luxurious ease of your orchestra chair, have you ever realized what a terrific physical and mental effort it has cost the player before he or she is able to present the impersonation you are now enjoying?

Take, for example, the important detail of committing the lines to memory. How many of the author's exact words would you be able to remember amid all the confusion of stage business, entrances and exits? Sometimes, an actor stumbles in his lines. Memory momentarily fails him. He has to be prompted from the wings. But it happens very rarely. The wonder is, it does not occur all the time.

Some rôles are comparatively short, necessitating only brief study. But occasionally, as for instance in Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," the actor is plunged into a sea of words in a rôle "nearly-as-long as Hamlet," which holds the record for long-distance verbiage. When this occurs, his friends, even his enemies, speak kindly of him. The critics go out of their way to mention the interminable dialogue, and commend the marvellous feat of memorization. But the actor, himself, takes his enforced verbosity philosophically.

SO it is with Albert Bruning, who plays the Elderly Gentleman in Shaw's new play. Though not as young as he might be, this character's loquacity has not been lessened by the years. He talks and talks and talks some more. The minutes, and the hours pass, and still he holds forth, with a harangue on first this subject, and then another. He never falters for an instant. He is wound up for the evening. Shavian philosophy is having its innings. Shaw's mouthpiece may grow weary and faint, but still he talks. Off stage you ask Mr. Bruning how much of the time he is orating during the performance, and he absentmindedly answers:

"All of the time." Then he corrects himself, as he whimsically remarks: "Well, you can't blame me for saying that. It certainly seems to me that I am talking incessantly, without a pause. Though, as a matter of fact, others in the cast aren't at a loss for words, either."

Because Mr. Bruning studied his rôle direct from Shaw's book, he found it rather difficult to estimate exactly how long it is.

"But judge for yourself," he said. "There are 100 pages to the book. I have about two-thirds of the dialogue. I believe if my rôle were typewritten in the regular form in which rôles are usually distributed to actors, mine would be two hundred sheets or more. My longest speech—that about the Irish—covers at least two closely printed pages of the book. I have made only one longer stage speech, and that was in "Strife," and was in the form of a harangue.

"Though my rôle is said to be as long as 'Hamlet,' this may not be so. 'Hamlet' is spread over five acts, while the extraordinarily long rôle of the Elderly Gentleman is concentrated in one act, so it seems a great deal longer, perhaps, than it actually is. The book contains forty-three pages of the first act alone, which, I believe, takes about two hours to play. It certainly appears to me as though I am talking all of that time."

ASKED how long it required to study the rôle, and what his system was for accomplishing the marvellous memorization feat, Mr. Bruning said:

"I had the part in my hands four weeks. I studied right from the book. Of course, I did not set about mechanically to memorize lines. I absorbed the entire play first. Then I studied the characters, and their personalities, and intonations and variety of speech. The actor's greatest difficulty, particularly in exceptionally long rôles, is to give life to his lines. He must strive for spontaneity, so that when he launches forth into a long and involved speech it will sound as though it were impregnated with his thoughts, his philosophy, and as though he were using his own medium of expression. He must not appear to be merely a mouthpiece for the author, mechanically uttering his written words. Everything he says must sound spontaneous, and as though it comes from—well—as though it comes from the 'inside' instead of merely from the outside. That may not be particularly lucid, but it expresses well what I mean.

"Though Shaw's lines for the Elderly Gentleman are brilliant and beautifully chosen, his individualism of expression makes things a bit difficult sometimes. The lines of Hamlet are more like verse, and they fall easily on the ear, and are as easy to speak, but with Mr. Shaw's lines this is not the case."

ANOTHER noted "long, fat" part, in which an actor accomplished the seemingly impossible in the art of memorization, was that of "Deburau," when Lionel Atwill had verbosity thrust upon him. Though Mr. Atwill could not recall the exact number of his lines, he, too, declared that he believed the part longer than that of Hamlet. His description of the way he learned the rôle—the system he pursued to become letter-perfect, is interesting.

"I do not use what is termed the 'photographic' method of studying a part," said Mr. Atwill. "By this method an actor stamps the lines upon his brain. He reads them over and over again until they are transferred from the paper to his mind, and until he has memorized them exactly. This course is much the same as that pursued by the child at school who studies a piece for a school entertainment. Stock actors study this way, stars rarely ever. I do not mean to disparage this system. It undoubtedly is the most effective one that can be used when a rôle must be learned in a very short time, or when an actor must step into a rôle unexpectedly, because of the sudden illness of the actor who originally studied the part. Stock actors change rôles so frequently that they have no other alternative. They must study their lines by the quickest method possible.

"In the case of a star, however, he usually knows what his new rôle will be four or five months in advance. He is provided with a manuscript of the entire play, and can go over it thoroughly at his leisure, take his time studying his own particular part, and by any method he prefers. I rarely ever study from copy which carries only my own lines. I study from the manuscript of the entire play. My method is first to assimilate the play in its entirety. I want to know all about the play, why certain characters do and say certain things, what the motives are that prompt certain reactions on their part. I study all of the characters just as I would study men and women with whom I was to be associated with intimately for a certain period of time.

I AM almost afraid merely to memorize the lines. At any rate, I am afraid to memorize them until I know why I utter those words which the author placed in my mouth. Memorization is a purely mechanical proceeding—the easiest and most negligible phase of studying a rôle. I do not want to be merely a puppet, rattling forth in precise order a certain batch of words without first getting to the fundamental and basic reasons why those words were said at all. After reading over the new play thoroughly, and making mental and written notes regarding it, I usually go over it with the author or adaptor. The author is the one whose brain conceived the characters of the play, and he, like a parent, knows more about his brain-child's character and characteristics than anyone else possibly could. From him I get many valuable side-lights on character. Sometimes we agree on certain changes, revisions, deletions, additions. We collaborate on the finished play, and hold many conferences at frequent intervals.

"Then I go ahead and learn my part. With several months' time in which to study, there is no necessity for mad haste. Not that I have not known the necessity of 'slogging.' Oh, yes, indeed, I've slogged it with a wet towel around my head for hours at a time, studying all through the night, and meeting the dawn with a frightful headache, and dull, aching eyes.

"While studying my lines, I pace up and down the room holding the manuscript, and reading aloud. This part of mastering my

(*Continued on page* 404)



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ESTHER HOWARD

Whose great hit in "The Sweetheart Shop," has been one of the sensations of the Chicago season. One of the most promising of our new comediennes, she has a method all her own, keeping her audience in hysterics of laughter from the minute she comes on, to the end of the play

(Below)
MARY LAWTON

Picked out by the superman, G. B. S. himself, for the rôle of Julia in "The Philanderers," this actress is once more interpreting Shaw as the Domestic Minister and Lilith respectively, in "Back to Methuselah"

MARGARET WYCHERLEY

To act five rôles in the same play is a protean feat which only very few actresses could manage successfully. But Miss Wycherley is quite equal to it as the Serpent, the Maid, Mrs. Lutestring, the Oracle and the She-Ancient in "Back to Methuselah"



©Bradley



Goldberg

OUTSTANDING FIGURES IN RECENT PLAYS

Adrift In the Roaring Forties

O'Neill's "Hairy Ape"—A "Little" Motion Picture Movement—Knocking the Critics

By BENJAMIN de CASSERES

THE HAIRY APE" is Rodin's Thinker awake. It is the mud searching for a brain. It is the dumb that has found a tongue of thunder. It is an earthquake ripping and rending civilization. To me, "The Hairy Ape" is colossal. It is Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece. It is the most vitriolic, satiric play of which I have any knowledge. Victor Hugo would have shouted himself hoarse over it.



Benj. De Casseres

Louis Wolheim was elected by nature for just that part. He terrifies, he menaces—and he gets, not under our skins, but into our dugs. He is the pariah of the earthcycles. We loathe him and simultaneously feel a profound sympathy with him.

"The Hairy Ape" is Drama—Greek in its simplicity, Hugoesque, Homeresque, Whitmanesque.

It is, in America, a reversion to brains.

* * *

NOTHING has done more to raise the level of plays in this country than the "little" and intimate theatres. If the part is not greater than the whole, it at least is often worth more. I caught "Bob" Kane, general production manager of the Famous Players, on the fly the other day in front of the Library. He drew me under the smiling jowls of one of the Lions (or are they just super-chow-chows?) and confided to me the secret of his life—that the time is not far ahead when there will be begun an intimate or "little" motion picture movement.

"It is bound to come," said Mr. Kane. "And it will have the same effect on pictures that the 'little' theatre movement has had on the spoken drama. Then will come the era of the artist, the highbrow. Think of screening Keats' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound,' or some of the best tales of Poe and de Maupassant! It will silence forever these who say that the motion picture is not an art. It may become the supreme art—a blending and marriage of all the arts. The intimate motion picture points the way."

Speed the day, I say, when the "movie" breaks the shackles of Lizzie and John—and the sponge-headed nsors!

* * *

EDGAR SALTUS said to me one day, "I hope you will not succumb to the vice of sincerity. If you have genius, you are permitted to be as insincere as you please."

I find that the newspaper dramatic critics of New York are a densely sincere tribe. Probably because not one of them has an ounce of genius. Since James Huneker did drama for *The Sun,* we have had no one with imagination, insight, enthusiasm, or the satire that slays. Maybe I ought to make an exception of Kenneth MacGowan, who doesn't hesitate to dip his pen in his emotions as well as his brain. He actually writes as though he were a human being, and not a blasé bluff.

"Let us find out what the play isn't. Let us analyze what the playwright might have put in," seems to be the formula of most of our critics. What O'Neill might have done in "The Hairy Ape"! wails one critic. This means, of course, "I'll tell you at a Rand School lecture next week how I would have done it—if I had the brains to do it."

* * *

THEN there is the critic who will laboriously and ponderously analyze a musical comedy, built for entertainment purposes alone, as if he were writing about a newly-found tragedy of Aeschylus. This is the J. Ranken Towse school of ultra-solemnity. With this school humor and enthusiasm are forms of decadence. Their English is tailor-made. Their Prospero is Brander Matthews.

Woollcott makes at times titanic efforts to get out of his strait-jacket. He suddenly blows up all over the column in dithyrambs and radical similes. I like it. It is at least a sign of life, of carelessness, of buoyant hang-overs. I don't think Woollcott takes himself very seriously. There is sometimes a blithe insincerity in his Tuesday mornings. What he needs is a trip abroad with his friend, George Jean Nathan. A play a night on the Continent for a year—and each would return benefited. Woollcott could develop his riant insincerity to the point of genius, and Nathan would absorb some of the enthusiasm of Alexander.

* * *

THE genius of Alan Dale is a ceaseless source of amusement to me. "Egad!" said Alan when a youth—"Egad! I'll be flippant, gar bli'me! I'll veneer my vacuity with prejudices—which people will take for individuality and a cynical sauciness which people will take for brilliancy!" But what I like about Monsieur Dale is his combativeness, the grand pageant of his prejudices, his well-written ignorabilia, his hump classical.

Wherever three people congregate they fight over the "movies" and George Jean Nathan. You are either Nathan or anti-Nathan. There is no middle ground of tolerance. There must be a great deal in Nathan, because he gets my goat once a month. Like his partner, Mencken, he makes me tearing mad. I always feel like arguing with these two men ceaselessly. The trouble with George Jean is that he has read too many plays. Like the man who never drank anything in his life but wine, his other taste-cells are dried up.

But we can't afford to lose Nathan—he hammers the other critics. And that's a delight.

* * *

WALTER DAMROSCH has made a discovery. It almost ranks with the discoveries of Newton, Darwin, and Einstein. He says there is a paid opera claque. This claque, it seems, drags unwilling singers before the curtain time and time again to bow. I cannot believe this. We know that the great vocal artists at the Metropolitan believe that a high C is its own reward. Applause sets up vibrations that are injurious to their vocal chords and affects deleteriously their tympani.

They are all too modest to be engaged in anything so unprofessional as the employment of palm-whackers and leather-lunged "encore!" warblers. Mr. Damrosch, you stretch plausibility to the breaking point. What we do need in New York, though, is a "Boo!" claque at some of our theatres.

* * *

ARNOLD DALY is the Don Quixote of the stage. His career has been just one fascinating experiment after the other. He is a born romantic and there is nothing he will not try to do. He never fails because all that he does aims at the best, and if he does not have long runs—well, the gesture was worth while, as Cyrano de Bergerac said as he tossed his last bag of gold to the actor that he admired in the Molière comedy. He was the next man after Mansfield who dared to do Shaw. He put the superman of Herman Bahr on the stage. His last try was as Voltaire, not one of his best characters, but something that was worth the doing if only to have it said that it was done. I would like to see him do Peer Gynt. His work in "The Tavern" was unforgettable. At that time I said that he just lacked genius. But his talent is of such a high order and his daring of such genuine matter that the history of the American stage cannot be written without putting Arnold Daly's name in capitals.

* * *

IT is certain that the Russians cannot build a play. They lack the humor, the one thing needful in welding action and thought. They have ideas but they cannot express them. Because the Russians are inarticulate.

In Dostoievsky's celebrated story called "The Idiot," which has been made into a play, there have been certain marvellous things done by Reginald Pole, so subtle and so unlike anything that has been done, that it may react as poison on the mind of the American public.

The sombreness of the setting, and the crunching major chord that runs through it, is offset for a moment by the very telling line: "Why take life so seriously, when life does not do so with us?"



Goldberg

ERNITA LASCELLES

This personable English actress, first seen in America in "The Philanderer," gives dignity and distinction to the difficult role of Eve in the Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's fantastic "Back to Methuselah"

(Right)

JOSEPHINE DRAKE

As Maisie Lee, the loquacious demi-mondaine in "Lilies of the Field," this experienced actress, a graduate from Washington society circles, made a distinct hit. Theatregoers also remember her as John Barrymore's leading woman in "Boys of Company B"





White

MARIE LOHR

Distinguished English actress, formerly leading lady with Beerbohm Tree, and recently seen here in "The Voice From the Minaret," a not too worthy vehicle for her lovely voice and charming presence

PLAYERS OF CHARM AND DISTINCTION



Setting for Act III, "The Varying Shore," by Clifford F. Pember



Louis XIVth Costume (*Bland O'Connell*) in "Marjolaine"

Costumes By—

Sartorial Artist Almost As Important As Author And Actor

By ARTHUR MOSS



Louis XIVth Costume (*Doris Green*) in "Marjolaine"

IN theatre programs of a decade ago, there usually appeared this bald announcement: "Scenery by Smith Scenery Co., Furnishings by Brown Furnishing Co., Costumes by Green Costume Co." The information, for those it might interest, was there, but it interested nobody. Urban, Bakst, Jones, Simonson, had not yet brought to our stage the originality, freshness, and beauty of their new scenic art. We still wallowed in the old style settings with their conventional back drops, crude in design, tawdry in coloring. The settings were so bad and the costumes so inartistic, that nobody really cared who furnished them. In general, the accessories produced by the traditional methods of these factories, made for a cheap and shabby effect: the so-called tinsel aspect of the stage was emphasized. Not that all producers were niggardly, but it seemed that no matter how much they spent, the result of their outlay was merely garish. They were getting the shoddy, machine-made products of factories when the real need was for the creations of artists and craftsmen.



Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress of Russia (18th Century), (*Lois Meredith*) in "The Czarina"



Prime Minister (*Frederick Kerr*), in "The Czarina"

Then, suddenly, came a change. The Russian Ballet burst dazzlingly upon the town. We got a severe jolt as to the possibilities of art practically applied. Attention was focused on the startling costumes of Leon Bakst. Also, at that time, the Reinhart production of "Sumurun" made a decided impression due in a large measure, to the brilliant Oriental costumes designed by Bernhard Pankok. One producer after another discovered that it was possible to call the artist into consultation, and that artistic ideas might very well improve the quality (and with it the box-office power) of their productions.

At first, the innovations were noticeable only in the settings. Then attention was given to the development of new lighting effects. Finally, came a great rush to shake the products of the antiquated costume-factories, and the business of costuming a show progressed along with the improvements realized in the other departments of stagecraft. And once again must be mentioned the Russian Ballet, for Bakst was really the first costume designer to be taken seriously as such in America.

With the advent of the Russian master, a host of native talent was uncovered, first and foremost of whom was Robert Edmond Jones. Now even the casual theatregoer is familiar with the names of such costume designers as James Reynolds, Alice O'Neill, Robert Locker, Pieter Mijer, and Blanding Sloan.

The costume designer of today is regarded as one of the most important factors in stage presentation. His name is featured, his costume plates are exhibited in the theatre lobby, and his designs are reproduced widely in current magazines. Whole numbers are introduced in spectacular productions to give sway to his fancies in the creation of new designs.

One of the important points in the transition from the costumer's products to the artist's creations (the point which most impressed the commercial manager), was that the work of the artist was comparatively inexpensive. Think of the spectacular effects achieved by Leon Bakst in the costumes for "Scheherazade," "Peri," and other ballets, at astonishingly low cost. It was found that he used inexpensive materials, imitation jewels, and paint artistically applied. A simple formula but an intelligent one. His methods soon displaced those of the old school whose program involved the use of

(*Continued on page* 404)



French Ambassador (*Ian Keith*), in "The Czarina"

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

PLYMOUTH. "VOLTAIRE." Comedy in 3 acts, by Leila M. Taylor and Gertrude M. Purcell. Produced March 20, with this cast:

Voltaire	Arnold Daly
d'Alembert	Lionel Hogarth
Aristide Freron	Frederick Truesdell
Le Duc de Navailles	Horace Braham
Marquis de Villette	Leslie Austen
Father Adam	John S. O'Brien
Moisnel	George LeGuerre
Wagniere	Howard Claney
Janvier	Marcel Rousseau
Mlle. Clairon	Carlotta Monterey
Mme. Denis	Jane Wheatley
Marie Corneille	Marguerite Forrest

'TWAS a pity more liberal public support was not forthcoming for "Voltaire." For a first attempt, by two young girls scarcely out of their 'teens, the play was a more than creditable effort. It was worth doing if only because it afforded an opportunity for Arnold Daly to contribute still another of his many notable stage portraits to the contemporary theatre.

The play—which is well-written, especially as regards the dialogue, crisp and interesting, and including most of Voltaire's well-known sayings—deals with the later years of the philosopher's life when, a resident at Ferney, near the Swiss border, the satirist kept himself in constant hot water with the Paris authorities, not only for his bitter gibes at court and clergy, but also for harboring certain political refugees who, having succeeded in escaping from the dreaded Bastille, seek shelter under his roof while awaiting their chance to get over the frontier into Switzerland. Matters are rendered still more critical by the fact that a certain paper gravely compromising Voltaire himself, is in the house. The efforts of the terrible chief of police, Freron, to gain possession of this paper, so he can again send Voltaire to the Bastille, and the satirist's manoeuvres to conceal and finally get rid of it, furnish sufficient action for a spirited play.

The piece opened interestingly enough. One by one, we are introduced to the intimates of the philosopher's household—to Marie Corneille, his charming niece and descendant of the great Corneille, to Father Adam who helps Voltaire cultivate his garden, to Mme. St. Denis, the housekeeper, a highly-strung, hysterical creature, who is always sure something dreadful is going to happen, and to the dashing young Marquis de Villette, who, albeit an honored guest, is really a spy in Freron's pay. The marquis finds the foolish Mme. St. Denis an easy tool in the plot to betray Voltaire, but they reckon without the Master himself. Querulous, infirm, bent and wasted, only a shadow of a man, yet astonishing the onlookers by suddenly joining in a dance, or cracking brilliant epigrams while he takes snuff or wins at chess, Voltaire has his weather eye open to everything that is going on and foils the spy at every turn, finally confiding the compromising paper to a refugee who escapes with it to the Court of Frederick the Great, right under the nose of the chief of police who has come from Paris with a *lettre de cachet* for Voltaire's arrest.

Arnold Daly, as the Sage, gave an artistic and carefully thought-out characterization. His appearance, a remarkable replica of the bent figure and well-known sardonic mask of the satirist, was a triumph of theatrical make-up, especially so in view of the fact that the actor, himself, is not built on exactly sylph-like lines. The impersonation was consistent and excellent throughout—a brilliant piece of acting.

Marguerite Forrest, a charming ingénue, displayed a naturalness and grace and dignity of manner, that some other ingénues might well imitate. Carlotta Monterey—perfectly made-up as to character—contributed a clever bit as an actress of the Comédie Francaise. George LeGuerre was sympathetic and forceful as the refugee Moisnel. Frederick Truesdell, who played Freron, was more like a New York traffic cop than a chief of police under the Roi Soleil.

PRINCESS. "THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS. Play in 7 scenes, by Henry Myers. Produced March 13, with this cast:

Martin Wells	Tom Powers
Ann Wells	Clare Eames

PROF. BAKER'S intensive school of dramaturgy at Harvard Workshop 47 had better look to its laurels. It has had a great deal written about it, but apart from some few really distinguished one-act plays, I think the output has hardly justified the noise evoked. Now the Blue and White forges brilliantly to the fore. I don't know whether it is Prof. Brander Matthews or Prof. Odell who is responsible for the inspiration, but the fact remains that a graduate of Columbia, Henry Myers, has written a play, "The First Fifty Years," which, to my mind, is a remarkable accomplishment.

Produced at the Princess, it enlists but two characters, and is presented in seven scenes, each making an anniversary in the married life of the Wells of Harlem, a couple who never understood each other and who, after the first flush of passion had passed, drifted from indifference into the varying phases of recrimination, violence and hate, tempered at the end by a sort of armed neutrality.

Youth is ever inclined to be cynical and depressed. Mr. Myers is obtrusively so. He is mordantly bitter in his view of life. But he is true to his premises and conducts his fable by cumulative stages of interest and dramatic values to a logically artistic close. It is in itself a remarkable thing to write seven distinct scenes of equal literary worth and sustained interest, and with the aid of only two players to hold the continuous attention of an audience for a couple of hours. But if the theme is tragically unpleasant, the skill that Mr. Myers shows in its development, amplification and conclusion, writes him down as a keen observer of life, a tried student of applied psychology, and a dramatic technician of daring and achievement.

The single setting, which, with slight changes in detail, serves for the background of this domestic tragedy, is admirably supplied by Livingston Platt. For the two players, Clare Eames and Tom Powers, it is a dramatic feast. They are both admirable. The inherent characters of their rôles is sustained throughout. The phases of change, due to the passing of years, are indicated with a fidelity, sure, gripping and sincere, and, best of

all, they are entirely free from all theatrical artificiality.

COMEDY. "THE HINDU." Melodrama in 3 acts by Gordon Kean. Produced March 21, with this cast:

Maharajah	John Merrifield
Hari	Maurice Barrett
Shirza	Mignon McClintock
Clarice Cartright	Sidney Shields
Denton Morgan	Ian MacLaren
Prince Pama	Walker Whiteside
A Priest	Stanley G. Wood
Princess Yashda	Maude Allen
Ghinzi	Grant Sherman
Gaulamar	William Cooray
Gutpa	S. Pazumba

A SUCCESSFUL play invariably has its imitators. After "The Green Goddess" we have "The Hindu," a so-called mystery play of modern India.

While the plots of the two plays are quite dissimilar—certainly they are poles apart in dramatic interest—there is much in this new offering by Walker Whiteside that recalls the earlier piece—the picturesque, highly colored East Indian settings, the one white woman in the cast, the splendid attire of its turbaned prince, even down to the fanatical natives who are aroused against their white rulers for an alleged insult to their local god. Mystery and uncanny happenings, also being not without their box-office value just now, these ingredients have not been overlooked. There are sliding panels, drugged cigarettes, massive doors that open without visible agency. But the thrill is never very real. Only the brain of an infant could possibly be mystified by anything that transpires.

The story, in brief, is that of a crooked British diplomat who tries to compromise an Englishwoman. His plan is to amass wealth by realizing on cornered food stuffs, after exciting the natives to mutiny, and to that end, he steals the moonstone from the god's eye. The Indian Prince saves the Englishwoman from the diplomat's clutches, only to seize her for himself, and there is some semblance of drama in the woman's frenzied efforts to escape both admirers. In the end, however, it is revealed that the Hindu Prince is really only a Scotland Yard detective in disguise. In fact, he is the husband of the Englishwoman. He had assumed the disguise the better to trap the diplomatist. All of which, of course, is highly probable—on the stage, or in the movies.

It was hardly to be expected that Walker Whiteside, a very capable and forceful actor, could do much with such thin material as this. All that can be said is that he presented a picturesque appearance as the Hindu. Sidney Shields was attractive and gave evidence of considerable emotional power as the Englishwoman. Ian MacLaren hardly suggested the British diplomatist either in bearing, speech or manner.

NEIGHBORHOOD. "THE GREEN RING." Play from the Russian of Zinaida Hippius. Produced April 4, with this cast:

Anna Tarasova	Frances Neilson
Vasili Vozzhin	Eugene Powers
Ivan Yasvein	Ian Maclaren
Matilda	Aline MacMahon
Sonia	Joanna Roos
Sergei	Albert Caroll
Roussya	Esther Mitchell
Marfusha	Millie Butterfield
Helena Vozzhin	Pamela Gaythorne

THE usually discreet direction of the admirable little Neighborhood Playhouse has been guilty, I'm afraid, of a Russianophile exuberance in its selection of a play for the fifth bill of the Grand Street season. "The Green Ring," a drama in four acts by the Russian poetess Zinaida Hippius, means well, no doubt, but also unfortunately means very little. In its effort to show the young and serious generation of Russia as redeemers of the old, it threads its way indefinitely and with innumerable stops through a lifeless story garnished with a quantity of insincere talk. The general effect is one of dreariness, and though I dare say there are some who will find comfort in the play's prospect of a reformed Russia, I doubt that there are many who will find much else of either interest or entertainment in it.

The acting is creditable on the whole, though excessive and unrestrained in spots. Eugene Powers, in the rôle of a Russian father whose wife has left him to live with another man, taking their daughter with her, commits stock-acting abominalities of the sort that ruin any part, however good, for a cultivated audience. Pamela Gaythorne, though apparently imbued with a nice sense of her part, the wife, falls victim at times to the same impulse to over-act.

Bright spots are provided by Ian MacLaren and Joanna Roos, the former as a young philosopher who, tired of life, sits by and watches it from a distance, the latter as the youthful daughter torn between two parents—puzzled and anguished by things she cannot understand or cope with. The "green ring" of the play is a band of studious youngsters who endeavor to help her in her trouble. The author conceives as "help" marrying the girl to the young philosopher, thereby, as we are to suppose, solving everything. But the acting of these two artists lifted the final solution out of the niche of absurdity; their's was a quiet, intelligent performance and human as well, one certainly that might have watched by certain other members of the cast to their advantage. Miss Roos is even lovelier than when she last played at the Neighborhood in the rôle of Alice, the "chorus" of "Harlequinade."

The settings, with one exception, were not up to the Playhouse standard.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "Candida," comedy by G. B. Shaw. Revived March 23, with this cast:

Rev. James Mavor Morell	Moroni Olsen
Proserpine Garnett	Janet Young
Rev. Alexander Mill	Charles Webster
Mr. Burgess	Harry Neville
Candida	Ellen Van Volkenburg
Eugene Marchbanks	Maurice Browne

THERE is no need to go further at this time into this masterpiece of the Shavian collection, either pleasant or unpleasant. The production at the Greenwich Village, coming as the opening salute of the planned Browne-Van Volkenburg season of repertory, was satisfactory in many respects, notably in a splendid performance by Moroni Olsen as the Reverend James Mavor Morell and a fine setting designed by Fania Mindell.

Ellen Van Volkenburg's performance as Candida, dwelt heavily, almost lugubriously, on that wholly delightful heroine's meditative side; her voice aiding in this effect by delivering every speech in bible-reading tones. Maurice Browne's Eugene Marchbanks is a somewhat theatrical, conventional treatment of the part, to which is added, as Mr. Browne's contribution, a variety of gestures, movements and tossing-abouts that suggest Puck. I hear that G. B. S. goes into something of a rage if anyone tinkers with Eugene's age, but I should suggest Mr. Browne's taking a chance as to that if he comes to play that eighteen-year-old dreamer again. In all, however, the production was most worth while and deserves for the company, warm public support in their later offerings.

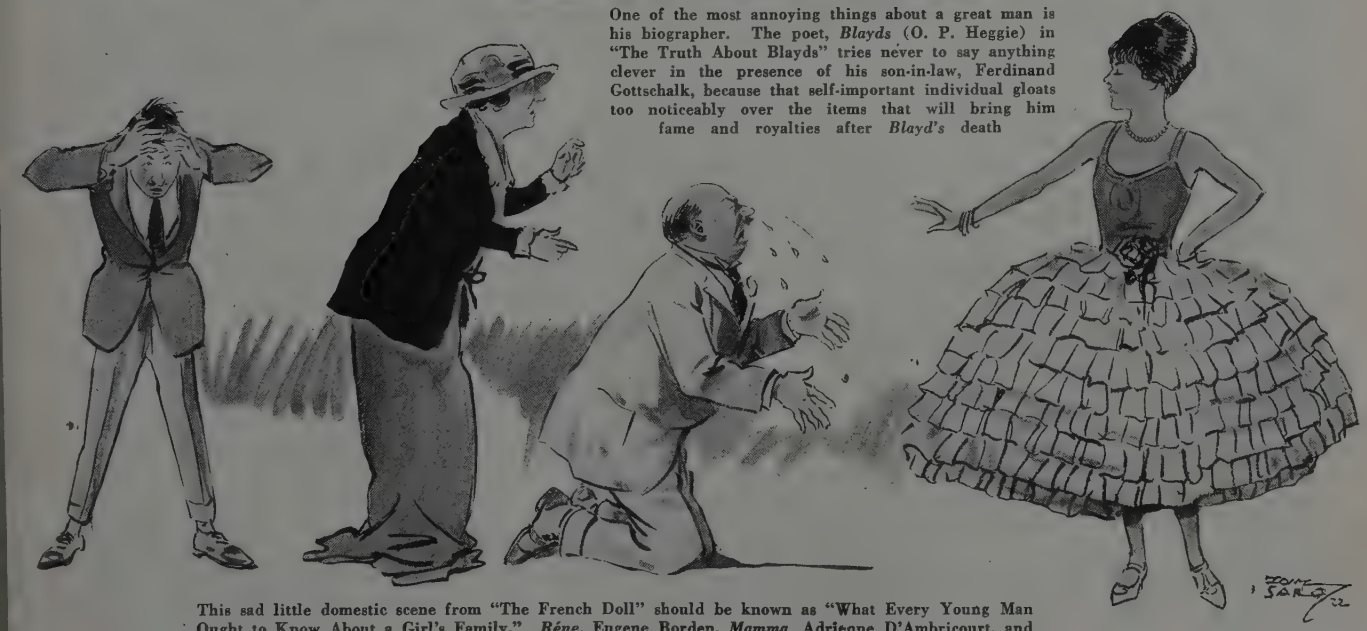
TONY SARG ALSO GOES TO THE PLAY



As somebody else has probably observed, "The Hindoo" is obviously propa-Chandi. It is very East Indian, though it is right up to Broadway in having a curtain there for the man with the gun to hide behind. According to the usual rules, the concealed one (Harold Salter) should be the hero and the East Indian (Walter Whiteside), who entertains the girl (Sidney Shields), with a non-vegetarian snake, should be the villain. But that's the disconcerting thing about these mystery plays. You never get the who's who or who's whose of the cast until the final curtain



One of the most annoying things about a great man is his biographer. The poet, *Blayds* (O. P. Heggie) in "The Truth About Blayds" tries never to say anything clever in the presence of his son-in-law, Ferdinand Gottschalk, because that self-important individual gloats too noticeably over the items that will bring him fame and royalties after *Blayd's* death



This sad little domestic scene from "The French Doll" should be known as "What Every Young Man Ought to Know About a Girl's Family." *Réne,* Eugene Borden, *Mamma,* Adrienne D'Ambricourt, and *Papa,* Edouard Durand, are all making it hot for *The French Doll* (Irene Bordoni) because she decided to marry a poor man instead of the millionaire on whom they have lavished their hopes and whose exchequer they have already planned to spend



The Passion Theatre with stage open to the Mountains

Oberammergau's Passion Play

100,000 Americans See World's Greatest Religious Spectacle

By ADELINA O'CONNOR THOMASON



PAULA RENDL
The Magdalene, 1922

FOR centuries the little village of Oberammergau has nestled in the heart of the Bavarian Alps, its origin dating back to the Roman days. In winter time, deeply covered with Alpine snows, and in summer refreshingly cool from its mountain surroundings, it lies far from the noise and turmoil of a busy world, and is inhabited by a deeply religious, gentle-lived folk of about 1,800 souls.

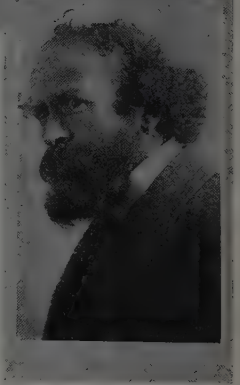
In winter, few strangers enter its confines: nine summers out of ten there is a fair sprinkling of visitors, but one summer in every ten its capacity is tested to the limit in housing for the night, and caring for a daily influx and egress, of from four to six thousand temporary sojourners.

The little village, like thousands of its kind, would be unheralded and unknown, save for the decennial production of its Passion Play on a scale of excellence and grandeur unapproached elsewhere. Since 1644, Oberammergau has rendered this play every ten years with but few interruptions, and because of this alone, the little otherwise obscure village has become world-famous.

As far back as the twelfth century, Oberammergau had its Passion Play, but so also did scores of other places of much larger and grander opportunities. Passion and religious plays were prevalent throughout Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, but in those early days such presentations were, in most instances, not only undignified; they grossly misrepresented Biblical teaching, and bordered not only on the grotesque, but on the obscene. Merry crowds would wildly chase the character of Judas through the streets, and the acme of punishment meted out to him for his perfidy to the Christ, was to have the Devil in effigy perform a pseudo-laparotomy upon him, and extract and exhibit a string of sausages as his entrails. But, as time went on, such abuses were eradicated and Passion plays became more and more an instrument of religion and education. The monasteries were the sole centres of education in those days, and these, together with the Meistersingers, gave attention to the production of dramas and music. Fragments of these past efforts formed the basis of the one Passion Play at Oberammergau that has lived, outlived, and outshone all Passion Plays of other places.



MARTHA VEIT
The Virgin Mary of 1922



GUIDO MAYR
Judas, 1922

Oberammergauans look upon the decennial presentation of their Passion Play as a solemn religious obligation. This realization of a religious duty has been bred into their inmost souls from generation to generation, beginning from the origin of the Play in 1638, when, as a result of hostile invasion, Oberammergau was attacked by a pestilence so deadly that almost all the inhabitants succumbed. The survivors, panic-stricken, registered a solemn vow before God that if the plague was



© F. Bruckmann, Munich

Anton Lang as the Christus

stayed they bound themselves and their successors forever, as a token of gratitude, to produce the Passion Play once in every ten years. Tradition maintains that from the hour of this vow no more cases of the pestilence developed and the sick recovered.

The Passion Play had its initial performance in 1644. Again given in 1654, repeated in the years 1664 and 1674, then again in 1680 in order to have it fall on the years ending in the tens. From this date it was produced every ten years without interruption with the exception of the year 1770 when, because of Royal command, it was omitted. Its production in the year 1810 was prevented because of a Royal edict forbidding all religious plays: but through pleadings and influence, ecclesiastical and lay, an exception was made in the case of Oberammergau and the play was presented in 1811. Then uninterruptedly until 1870, the year of the Franco-Prussian war. It was in the midst of its decennial presentation that year, and upon the declaration of war, that a performance was actually stopped in order that the male members of the cast should immediately mobilize for military service, and the Christus (Joseph Mayr) literally taken from the cross in order that he might answer "Here" from the ranks of his contingent of the Bavarian artillery. The play escaped all further interruptions until 1920. In the intervening decades from 1870, regular presentations have been given. Each decade brought it more and more fame and glory. Its last production, 1910, was marked by the largest attendance in its history and advanced its already wide reputation to still greater bounds.

Because of the unsettled conditions following the armistice of 1918, the scheduled production for 1920 was wisely postponed until a more favorable day. This favorable day is believed to have arrived and the entire village is at this writing busy in rehearsal and preparation for the production of 1922, which begins this May and continues until late September.

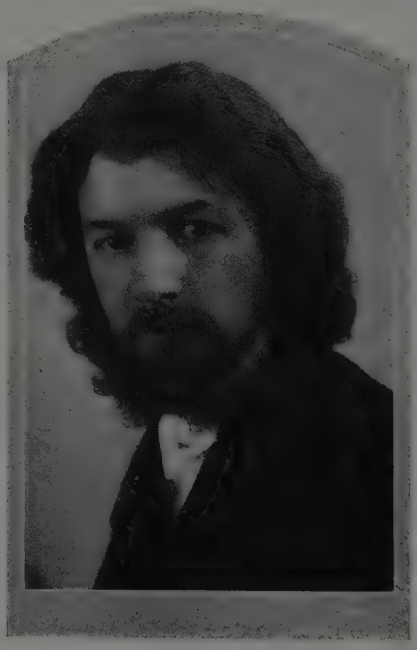
The method of casting the Passion Play is unique, and entirely at variance with methods of the modern theatre. It resembles the tendency of the American stage in one respect only: it is the most conspicuous, uncompromising example of "the closed shop" extant. No one but a native born Oberammergauan is eligible to any part in the play, be it man, woman, or child: all others, though they may have been residents from childhood are strictly barred.

The cast is selected largely by the Village Council which is an elective body. The members of the Council form a part of the Passion Play Committee with which it forms a Final Committee by the addition of other citizens including always the Parish Priest of Oberammergau: making a total of 21. This Committee holds secret sessions in October of the year prior to that of the play. Its first session is informal, and there is general discussion on the merits and demerits of all available talent. Recommendations from all sources are invited, considered and discussed. After full and deliberate reflection, the cast as a whole is taken up and each member of the Committee writes down his individual choice of players to be submitted to the entire Committee. A ballot is then taken and all names emerging without a black ball are selected. It sometimes requires many long sessions to arrive at unanimous findings.



MELCHOIR BREITSAMTER
John, the Beloved Disciple (1922)

Profound secrecy is yet maintained for the findings still are regarded as tentative. As soon as practicable, a village Festival Service is appointed in the church at which High Mass is sung, attended by the entire Committee and the villagers in general. Directly following this service, the Committee return to the Council Chamber and by ballot confirm, or, maybe, change the tentative selection after their prayerful



ALOIS LANG
Understudy for the Christus

contemplation at the Mass. The evening of this day the Cast is posted upon the doors of the Practice Theatre and the Town Hall, and rehearsals begin at once and continue uninterruptedly until the initial performance the following May.

This day of festival is one of devout prayer and excitement for the entire community, as it is attended not only with the joy of surprises, but with still deeper disappointments, heartaches and sorrows. On this day the star must rise for new talent and must set upon the hopes of some of the old successful and world-known players, who, because of age, physical infirmity or whatever cause, have, in the findings of the Committee, become less acceptable than new material. I am told that instances in the past are not wanting, that the poignant grief and disappointment on the part of some of these old and successful players who lived only for their parts, has hastened their journeyings to the grave.

Likewise, many a young man and maiden is made happy by an unexpected selection. But whatever may be the decision of the Committee, it is accepted as final and all loyally abide by it. Prominent characters of past decades gracefully accept less prominent rôles, as, for instance, Johannes Zwink, the Judas of 1900 and 1910, who, by his intense acting and technique, made his character rival in importance that of the Christus itself. This year, though with well nigh broken heart, he loyally plays the much less conspicuous rôle of Simon of Bethany. Likewise, Alfred Bierling, the then young, handsome, talented player of 1910, whose rendition of John the Beloved Disciple, brought him world-wide fame, and the daily receipt of large budgets of passionate letters from love-struck English-speaking women visitors (which missives he had to have some one translate for him), sufficient to make the most popular Broadway matinée or Movie Star Idol green with envy. He is displaced this year by Melchoir Breitsamter and gracefully retires to a humble place in the chorus maintaining the part of an understudy to St. John.

The great World War brought suffering, sorrow and change to Oberammergau. Nearly all the cast of 1910, both men and women, served in some capacity. Over eighty of the village man-power were killed or died at the front, and the maimed and crippled are still in evidence in the quiet streets. The principals of the 1910 Passion Play all survived and by reference to the casts of that year and this of 1922 it is seen that many with established reputations of twelve years ago are to play their former rôles.

Anton Lang, the famous Christus of 1900 and 1910, assumes the rôle again this year. It is said the Committee were long in arriving at this decision because Lang is now 49 years of age. Part of the Committee believed that the Christus should be played by a younger man, and the choice hung between himself and his cousin Alois Lang, only thirty years of age, who like Anton Lang, is typical in appearance of our modern conception of the Messiah. But the final decision selected

(*Continued on page* 398)



White

JANE RICHARDSON AND CHARLES TROWBRIDGE

In "Just Because," a pleasing and youthful little opera at the Earl Carroll Theatre



Schwarz

GEORGETTE COHAN AND HARRY MESTAYER.

In "Madeleine and the Movies," at the Gaiety.

Miss Cohan bears a striking resemblance to her versatile father—our famous Yankee Doodle comedian—and, assisted by Mr. Mestayer as a scenarist, has made a successful début in this singular combination of farce and drama



White

ELLEN VAN VOLKENBURG AND MAURICE BROWNE

In a splendid revival of George Bernard Shaw's comedy "Candida" at the Greenwich Village Theatre

Act II. The eighteen year old poet dreamer makes love to the delightfully meditative Candida—a fine performance of this Shavian masterpiece which no one should miss

FUN AND SENTIMENT IN OLD AND NEW PLAYS

Fashions In Play Making

Old Greeks As Up-to-Date In Their Craft As Your Successful Broadway Dramatists

By WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

FASHIONS in the theatre come and go, and come and go again *ad infinitum*. One generation laboriously builds up a technique of the play, the next one tears it to pieces, and then the youngsters of the following period return to the oldsters. We run in a circle.

The other day I sat in front of Professor Baker's fireplace listening to him and Winchell Smith philosophize on modern fashions of making plays. "Take the matter of exposition," said one. "Not so long ago the leisurely first act used to disclose the familiar butler and the pretty maid at the evening dusting. He carefully told her in merry prattle the story of the family in which she had served for years. She knew the tale just as well as he did, but the audience didn't. So he told her, and the telling was often extremely tiresome. Only toward the end of the act did there flash out a scene of real dramatic force."

"All that sort of thing is laid on the shelf with the plays of yesteryear," answered the other." Bang! The curtain rises. The up-to-date dramatist puts over a thrilling scene that has the audience on the edge of their chairs. Only later and in a perfectly natural way does the adroit writer sift in what Mr. David Belasco calls 'the dirty work' of putting across the situation."

WELL, nearly twenty-five hundred years ago the Greeks were going through the same process of bringing the technique of the well-made play up to the last minute. A fragment of a lost piece of Aeschylus shows an old servitor telling his companion of the household what the audience has to know of the situation of the masters. Old stuff? But within a few years Sophocles was giving Athenian audiences a thrill with a new and audacious departure. At the very opening of the play a son, returned from exile, is swearing on his father's tomb to kill his mother, living in guilty love with the paramour who had helped her kill her lord and master. And such up-to-date technique so caught the favor of the audience that Euripides, not to be proven old style, followed with a play on the same subject, with the same sort of a beginning.

What is more, the two of them were beating William Shakespeare by a good couple of thousand years in telling the tale of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Their Orestes is Hamlet, madness and all; his mother Clytaemnestra is Gertrude; Aegisthus is Claudius. Such parallels between Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians leap out on page after page, not because Ben Jonson had told the young man from Stratford all about the old fellows of so long ago, but because Shakespeare and the Greeks both treated universal problems of humanity in a universal way. Ancient Greek plays retain their place in the history of the theatre, not because they are written in a language known to a select few, but because their makers had learned the technique that came to them from the study of the lives of men and women, and the inevitable problems that have confronted them from the day of the caveman until our own. Orestes is not a Greek any more than Hamlet is a Dane. Romeo and Juliet are universal, not Italians. Orestes—Hamlet is a youth confronted with a hideous triangle; Lear is an old man facing what long years have brought; Electra is a woman working out the problems fate has thrust upon her; Antigone another who has to decide between duty to kin and duty to law. When Mr. Granville Barker brings us Euripides' "Trojan Women," we see an almost perfect handling of the rôle women play in a social order made for men.

PLAYS made from a deep understanding of the fundamental problems of universal human nature have something far above the parochial, above the merely local or national. The ravening tooth of time can do nothing to them. Great pity, then, that they must, in our present theatrical life, grow dusty on the scholar's shelves, and fail to see the light of performance before the eyes of many, save only when some artist like Miss Anglin or Granville Barker would enjoy an expensive luxury of the spirit, or some university tries to bring to us the still youthful masterpieces of other centuries.

Perhaps someday we shall have a theatre comparable to the Français, to show us the great works of all ages. Any young French dramatist who had seen the plays of Greece as presented in the House of Molière or in the open air theatre at Orange cannot fail to gain something for his art. Who will prove the Maecenas to do as much for the dramatists of this country? The commercial theatre is not yet ready for so wise and far-seeing a venture in education. Will some clear-headed donor endow one of the universities with a sum sufficient to make fairly frequent presentations? It would take no great amount, for local audiences, and even Broadway, will pay generously to see plays wisely chosen from the repertory of the ages. The performances of "Oedipus the King" and of the "Agamemnon" at Harvard are proof.

THE production of "Oedipus" at Cambridge in 1881, was not only the first night of Sophocles in America, but was an event of national importance. As one reads the list of actors in the cast he is immediately struck by the large number of them who later achieved a national reputation. There was George Riddle as the King; he later supported Mary Anderson, became famous as a reader, and would, in the opinion of Francis Wilson, have been one of the greatest actors of our time if he had stuck to the theatre. There was Henry Norman, afterwards Knighted and a member of the British House of Commons; there was Curtis Guild, later Governor of Massachusetts; G. M. Lane, great banker, member of the firm of Lee, Higginson and Company; Owen Wister, writer of novels and plays; E. J. Wendell, amateur actor of distinction, standby of the Amateur Comedy Club and collector of one of the great libraries on the history of the theatre; Charles S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and valued public servant; Herbert Putnam, now Librarian of Congress. John K. Paine, well-known in the history of American music, wrote the score; George L. Kittredge, later one of the great professors of English at Harvard, held the prompt book. The managers were William W. Goodwin and John Williams White, famous professors of Greek, to whom Charles Eliot Norton lent an active co-operation. The costumes were under the care of F. D. Millet. The audience has probably never been equalled in America for literary distinction. Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Curtis, Howells, and many other celebrities were present.

THERE was a great sensation over the production. Some six thousand spectators saw the few performances. Those who were disappointed offered ten times the price of seats. Reports were given by every considerable newspaper in the country as well as the magazines. The most important critics and authors wrote the reviews. The news of the performance was cabled to Europe. In short, Sophocles' American First-Night was an occasion of prime importance.

The play, to be sure, was the most perfectly constructed piece of antiquity from the point of view of the theatre; events follow each other in a sequence not to be improved. Aristotle used it as a model of what a play should be, as have critics innumerable after him. If ever tragedy purged the passions of mankind through pity and fear Oedipus accomplished it in Sophocles' great play.

It may be argued that piece and occasion were unique and that we are out of the great literary tradition in which the generation of 1881 lived. But the success of Aeschylus' "Agamemnon" in the Stadium a quarter of a century later, the enthusiasm created by Miss Anglin's revivals and by Granville Barker's productions prove that there is an audience to support modern repetitions of the great plays of the past. Who will make it possible, for the good of the theatre today, for us to see more than mere chance and sporadic revivals?

(Below)

LEE SIMONSON

This American stage designer, art director of the Theatre Guild, whose settings for "Back to Methuselah," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Liliom," etc., have won universal praise, is a graduate of Harvard. After studying art at the Académie Julien, Paris, he went to Munich, where he became a disciple of Reinhardt. Later he studied and painted in the south of France. His work is distinguished for originality and beauty of design, colorful and picturesque treatment, and perfect adaptation to the dramatic mood of each play



(Left)

LEILA TAYLOR AND GERTRUDE PURCELL—PLAYWRIGHTS

These two Columbia College girls, being ambitious, decided to write a play—something easy. Why not Voltaire? They did not know much about the great satirist, but what are libraries for if not for research? So they set to work—on their typewriters—each working out a scene, and the result is the play in which Arnold Daly was recently appearing at the Plymouth

White



Marcia Stein



HENRY MYERS

The author of "The First Fifty Years," a newcomer among Broadway's successful playwrights, is a native of Chicago, but has lived almost all his life in New York. He first studied music, intending to make it his profession, and several songs of his were published, some of them set to his own lyrics. The success he has had with his first piece makes it fairly certain that it won't be the last



Abbe

(Right)

NIKITA BALIEFF

Perhaps the most amusing and original feature of the "Chauve-Souris" are the before-the-curtain introductory speeches of this genial Russian—the founder and generalissimo of the famous Bat Theatre of Moscow. In irresistibly comic accent, which may or may not be assumed, M. Balieff never fails to put his audience in good humor before each act begins

Stage Interviewing As It Actually Is

The Hide of A Rhinocerous and the Patience of Job Necessary When Calling on Temperamental Stars

By MARY F. WATKINS

OH, how simply *thrilling*!" you say, "To meet all those marvellous people of the stage and actually talk to them! Don't you just love it?"

"Yes, we *do* love it, but in spite of, not because of"—

A strange condition exists in this country, I may rather say, in this age, and only exaggerated in America, as is America's habit. The insatiable craving of the public for more, *more,* MORE, of what it likes. It is not content with the finished performer on the stage, the display of beauty, talent, personality, offered legitimately for the price of a theatre ticket; it insists upon knowing all the rest as well, all the intricacies of family relations, not even sparing the cupboard-door which hides the skeleton. What the stars eat, how they sleep, how they work, play, wash, dress, and undress. The artist unprepared to reveal all this is not for us! And so the little army of personality-sleuths came into being, and pursue their calling on ruthless feet.

To be in this army and yet not of it, to reconcile one's ideals of tact and good breeding with what seems but impertinent and vulgar curiosity, here is a problem. To give the public as much as it has a right to, and yet convince it that it is getting all it wants! Almost Quixotic! But starting with these premises upon such a career of uncertainties, how does one fare?

I REMEMBER well my first interview. It was with a spectacular Prima Donna. I was very nervous, and humbly felt myself an unpardonable intruder upon the time and strength of the great lady. This is a mental attitude fatal to success, I discovered very early in my career, however. But I need have had no scruples. Madame was an old war horse. She knew all the tactics. The stage was set for the occasion perfectly, with a profusion of flowers and soft lights. After an appropriate wait the diva appeared, decked like a Christmas tree, with attendant retinue of maids and small dogs. She talked so hard and so fast that I actually could not squeeze in one question. The subject of the interview was doomed from the start. I went away with a reeling brain, desperately trying to pluck a cohesive train of thought from the cascading words still ringing in my ears. I learned later to inform such seasoned veterans ahead of time just what trend we desired their eloquence to take.

Then, there is the opposite type. Equally distinguished, although newer to our shores, a great actress who had set the critics on fire with praise for her intellectual grasp of things, condescended to see me. At the appointed time I arrived and was received in an expensive hotel suite. The lady seated herself opposite me, and lighting a cigarette, stared out of the window listlessly. Finally, I besought her timidly to speak to me of her art and the conception of her rôles. "Please ask!" was all she said. So for twenty minutes I wracked my brains for pertinent questions which I fired at her mercilessly, to receive only the most fragmentary answers of "Yes—No—Perhaps—" I spent the evening at my typewriter vainly trying to make bricks without straw, but that interview never saw the light of print.

ANOTHER *bête noir* is the artist who captures all the guns at the first encounter and turns the battery on the interviewer. One clever actress who was to be written up on her unique war work, *interviewed me* instead, on how much I got for an article, how much I paid for my apartment,—the name of my tailor,—where I got my maids,—my opinion of actresses in general, etc. This is quite a common phenomenon, and a difficult hazzard, but not as bad as the actor who simply insists on reminiscing, when you have come for points on "make-up." He shows you albums and old play-bills, and introduces his sister, who did Little Eva, you know, in the original fourth company, or something like that.

Then, there is the Leading Lady who apparently thinks of you as a walking newspaper of the Rialto, and is peeved when you cannot feed her eager ears with spicy bits of gossip. But she usually takes pity on you and herself supplies this lack in superabundance, so that you need not go from her in the barren state in which you came. Akin to her is the facetious actor who gives you all the wrong answers, and who laughs uproariously at his little joke about being a lonely bachelor, when you are slightly startled at the return from the park, of his wife, wheeling the twins in their go-cart.

The little Ingénue, whose knowledge of the household arts is confined to squeezing oranges and cracking ice, is apt to receive you in her kitchenette, where she looks "simply adorable" in a big pink linen apron and cap, with just a coquettish dab of flour on her nose. She regales you with her love of Home and Mother, and all the simple, girlish things. It is she who always talks most freely of her consecration to her *Art,* and her ambition to live up to what her dear Public expects of her. At least she is more diverting than that other actress, usually a tragedienne, who rants of Uplift. This is always hard to bear.

BUT there are others,—thank God for them,—who are real people. They receive you in home or hotel just as they would any other caller, politely, without frills or furbelows, and speak simply and naturally about whatever phase of their art which you require. They laugh or are serious as the case may be, but are always sincere. Sometimes they introduce you to their families if they happen in, or if it nears lunch-time and you have a lean and hungry look, they urge you to stay. Again they may take you out in the big car for the space of the interview. They are full of pleasant suggestions. But, alas, they are not usually . . . sometime, yes, a golden few, but not often . . . . the Great Ones! What inexorable urge imprints upon the growing Artist's subconsciousness the inevitable development of the erratic? With the fullness of their artistic stature comes the perfect flowering of *Temperament,* recognized symptom of Genius, to be sure, and a by-product of subtle value,—and they all know it! When it is imitated it is tawdry, but when it is real, it is priceless, and its agitating quips are bread in the mouths of such as I.

So much for the cream of the matter, the successful efforts. But there is skimmed milk, too. There is, for instance, that bane of the interviewer's existence, the self-important private secretary. After days of waiting and hours of readjusted appointments you arrive at the door of the great X. You are met by the secretary, inevitably of the deadly efficient type of young female, who informs you pityingly that "Miss X, is so worn out by the strain of her performances that she simply must save her strength, . . she has asked me to see you instead." The secretary plainly enjoys the substitution; in her eyes there will be no loss to the public. She presents you with methodical memoranda and a picture or two. You go away snarling.

BUT at least there you achieved something, as contrasted with those other will-o-the-wisps who forget to be at home, or make six appointments for the same hour, as is usually conveyed at the last moment in broken English to your weary telephone ear, by an excited maid. But rather either of these two, than the case of the parsimonious Star who kills all the birds with one stone. From the joint interview, . . in which two cameras stand between you and your victim, and three other reporters put over a counter barrage from each corner of the room, may a kindly Providence defend me!

Suppose all these terrors met and vanquished, what of the stars who insist on reading a draft of your article before publication? They are within their rights, they see proofs of their photographs, don't they? But it is a safe and sane bet that your brain child will perish then and there, or else will emerge from the ordeal so changed that you will strangle it gladly in its cradle. Husbands, sisters, mothers, all have a finger in such a pie, to say nothing of the above-mentioned secretary. The odds are distinctly unfair.

But it is a nice career, in spite of it all, as I said before.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

MIMI SHERWOOD

Youth, good looks, and the ability to act before the camera, carried this lucky girl from a throng of several hundred applicants to a real part in a real movie. Miss Sherwood is appearing now in a leading rôle in "The Mysteries of Paris," and has been offered a part in a new Fox production. Emotional characterization is her forté



Alfred Cheney Johnston

MADELEINE LUBETTY

This charming little French actress, who plays the rôle of the fascinating Marie Hamilton in the film production of Robert W. Chambers' novel, "Cardigan," received the greater part of her dramatic training in this country under Mme. Alberti. Before her screen début in "War Brides" with Mme. Nazimova, Mlle. Lubetty was one of the Special Dancing Girls of Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic

NEW STARS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

Renaissance Drama Again the Vogue

Benvenuto Cellini, Michelangelo and Lucrezia Borgia Prominent in Coming New Plays

By PIERRE LOVING

WHETHER "The Jest" is responsible for the vogue or not, certainly we are foredoomed to witness a revival of Mediaeval and Renaissance plays. There is, of course, a vast mine of biographical material, colorful and picturesque, in these periods upon which the dramatist can draw lavishly for his guidance in the matter of plot and characterization. The failure of "Swords" will not, I venture to predict, seriously affect the immediate output of pieces of this general ilk. At the moment of writing it is reported that Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci—to say nothing of Lucrezia Borgia already announced by Mr. Belasco—are to be the subjects of forthcoming plays.

San Francisco was recently privileged to see the opening of a new play by Bennet Musson and Louis Bennison, based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini, adventurer and artist of the Renaissance.

IT seems strange that no one has bethought himself ere this of using this Renaissance swashbuckler, adventurer, philanderer, picaresque, goldsmith and sculptor as the subject of a romantic play. Cellini bears a near resemblance to Casanova; they are both extraordinarily fantastic liars and a liar can almost invariably be converted into fascinating dramaturgic material.

Mr. Bennison (who also plays the leading part) and Mr. Musson, his collaborator, have not attempted to stick too closely to the original recital of Cellini's chequered adventures and escapades. They have very largely chosen scenes and episodes which are best suited to the purposes of a modern sword-and-mantle play. In the climactic third act, however, they have gone beyond mere rhodomontade and braggadocio, the usual stock-in-trade for characterizations of this type, and have given us true drama and a little hint of the stuff of that far-off, but intense reality which makes the Renaissance so riotously inconsistent and, at the same time, so enchanting to us.

The first act opens in the house of Michel Landi, a fellow sculptor of Benvenuto's where gayety and feasting hold sway, and wine, women and song are plenteously mixed. The guests are awaiting the arrival of Benvenuto, evidently the chief swashbuckler and wassailer of the group. He arrives in good time after a wild street brawl. He boastfully offers to procure more beautiful women to grace the festivities. The men are offered their choice; blonde, dark or brunette. No, he will bring them a red-haired beauty. And accordingly out he goes in search of the auburn-haired quarry. In a brief while he returns with a demure girl dressed in bridal garments, heavily veiled, whom he has abducted from her own wedding. He confesses he has not as yet seen her face,



BENVENUTO CELLINI

but he'll be sworn she's a beauty of the first water. Then, under the edge of his taunting, the girl draws her veil and reveals herself to be Felicia Allori, a ward of Duke Cosimo de Medici, his patron. She confesses that she was to be married to Count Felippo Strozzi, a decrepit libertine, without the Duke's knowledge. At this moment the rest of the wedding party, Count Strozzi and his guard, arrive on the scene. Benvenuto's brother is run through the heart in the ensuing scuffle and Benvenuto, after engaging five men single-handed, makes his escape by way of the window.

THE second act is laid in a spacious chamber in the palace of Count Strozzi, the same evening. Felicia, accompanied by her duenna, has been escorted by Strozzi's men to the palace and anon, he himself, clad in black velvet priestly garments, with a hang-dog waxen face, mean-spirited, restless eyes and curving, villainous nose, enters the room and dismisses his escort, giving orders to his chief bravo that he does not wish to be disturbed under any circumstances. Then follows the villainous scene of the piece in which Strozzi makes an assault upon his repentant near-bride and she repels him as though he were, as indeed he is made out to be, a vile and loathsome animal. Quietly, unobserved by the pair of them in the room, Benvenuto climbs in through the window and conceals himself behind the curtain. A ponderous knocking is heard on the door and Strozzi's bravo enters against orders with the announcement that Benvenuto has escaped and is at large. Strozzi, enraged at the interruption, berates the guard and sends him out of the room, turning again to the girl. Before the huge giant-like bravo can reach the door, Benvenuto has thrown an agile arm about him and draws him behind the curtain; the curtain ripples with struggles of the two and then all is quiet.

Meanwhile the duenna, in high dungeon, has turned informer and apprised the duke of his ward's escapade and her present danger. The duke hastens to Strozzi's palace. In the meantime Benvenuto has emerged from behind the curtain, overpowers Strozzi, and binds and gags him, thrusting him in a neglected corner of the room, while he turns to Felicia, makes charming love to her and offers her his hand and heart. Together they plan to escape clandestinely to France.

THE third act shows Benvenuto, weary and sick in soul and body, at the end of his resources after working unintermittently five full days and nights on his statue. His wood and metal have given out. He has devised his own furnace, which stands at the back of the stage, surmounted by a huge iron pot into which the raw metal is thrown. Felicia comes in, garbed for a long journey, and informs him that horses are ready outside; they can now elope to France together. He turns a deaf ear to her; his great work, his Perseus, is still unfinished and he cannot leave it thus. Then, in the fury of his artistic passion, he gathers together all the metal in his house, his pewter, his finely-worked goldsmithing, his trays and goblets and busts—among them, the bust of his dead brother, Giovanni, who died for his sake in the brawl with Strozzi's men. All these he pours recklessly, pell-mell, into the mouth of the metal pot. But even so, he lacks a bare thirty pounds. An abrupt knock on the door interrupts these feverish activities and the two men, announcing themselves servants of Baccio Bandinello, a rival sculptor and friend of Count Strozzi's, enter bearing a peace offering from Bandinello, their master. This peace-offering, heavily covered with velvet cloth, is apparently a large supply of metal bar. When the cloth, however, is removed, the seeming peace-offering proves to be the burly bravo attached to Strozzi's person. Benvenuto acts quickly, and before the bully has a chance to lift his sword, laughing hysterically, he shouts:

"The metal at last!" and bending down, he makes a quick end of the bravo. He strips the glittering armour from the dead man's breast, ordering his boy to cast it forthwith into the gaping pot. He mounts the ladder himself, and begins to stir the brew. But his burst of joy is shortlived. He discovers that the metal is lumpy and refuses to melt. Again he is cast into the slough of despond. Suddenly, a sharp plop and louder explosion is heard emanating from the huge pot. "Master," cries the boy, "the metal! It has melted." The red-hot molten liquid is seen pouring down the runnels into the mould. This is the climax of the play. The Duke buys the statue, proclaims it a masterpiece and gives Benvenuto safe-conduct to France, whither he elopes with Felicia.



Scene from Barrie's "A Well Remembered Voice," as produced at Le Petit Theatre. Under the able direction of Oliver Hinsdell this earnest group have achieved distinction and set a standard for other amateur players



(*Right*)
There is an old world atmosphere about the entrance, and the winding stair that leads to Le Petit Theatre, in the old French quarter of New Orleans

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



(*Right*)
"The Bear." by Anton Tchekoff, was given an interesting production by Le Petit Theatre, which boasts a membership of one thousand, recruited from all walks of life in New Orleans. Harold A. Newman, one of the active workers has announced plans for the Little Theatre's expansion to a membership of two thousand

Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré, of New Orleans

The Beechwood Players

An Organization of Community Players Whose Productions Have Attracted the Attention of the Professional Managers

TO CREATE a workshop wherein all of the arts that contribute to the complex art of dramatic expression might be studied through the medium of constructive recreation was the ideal of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, who made possible The Beechwood Theatre. How has this ambitious program worked out? How far have they succeeded and what has been the tangible results of the work of the Beechwood Players?

Now in their fourth year, it is interesting to trace the progress of this group of players, and their development as an art influence, not alone in the community of Scarborough, where their beautiful theatre building and workshop overlooks the Hudson, but in the nearby towns as well, from which they draw their audiences and workers.

The first three years of their existence, under the direction of Clare Tree Major, T. M. Cleland, and John Roy, the majority of the one-act plays in the repertoire of the little theatres were given excellent productions. Meanwhile, the interest in the organization and its ambitions had grown to a point where they felt the need of a director who could give them his entire time. They cast about for a leader who might take them farther afield, and Mr. Henry Stillman, whose association with David Belasco, Mrs. Fiske, and the Theatre Guild, had given him a broad producing experience, was invited to take the directorship of the Beechwood Players. Mr. Stillman immediately put into effect a policy of producing only new full length plays by American authors, and in the past year seven such plays have been given.

"Sun Up" by Lula Vollmer, a genre study of the mountain people of Carolina, was followed by "Jingle Bells," an artificial high comedy by Thomas P. Robinson; "The Hunchbuckle," an American fairy tale by the same author; "Who Is Mary," a society comedy by James L. Campbell; "The Eighth Day," an intense emotional drama by Stephen Austin; "Mashka," a comedy melodrama by Robert Housum, and "The Other Side," by Henry Trimble, with two new plays in preparation.

MR. STILLMAN'S policy has already opened the door of opportunity to two American playwrights whose plays were produced by the Beechwood Players and subsequently sold to commercial managers who will present them next season. Many of the managers now make the trip to Scarborough each time a new play is produced, realizing that they may find something very worth while. In this field of usefulness alone, the Beechwood Theatre has proved its value as a workshop.

The casting policy of the players is modeled on the repertoire system, with a nucleus of a dozen experienced players and an active list of a hundred or more, drawn from the immediate community and nearby towns, who play as the occasion demands.

Under the direction of Mr. Stillman and those who preceded him, the Players have developed a high standard of acting and production, and thanks to the business leadership of Mr. L. A. Westerman, and the executive committee, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, Mrs. Coker Clarkson, Mr. William Kies, Mr. C. Neal Barney, and Mr. Harrison Slaker, they have put themselves on a sound basis that will enable them to go on growing.

Le Petite Théatre du Vieux Carré

A Community Theatre in the Old French Section of New Orleans

ONE of the most worthy and progressive of the Little Theatre group, Le Petit Théatre du Vieux Carré, may be found in the French quarter of New Orleans in one of the Pontalba buildings built by the famous Spanish beauty, Baroness de Pontalba, in 1849. These buildings, which were the first apartment houses in America, overlook the Place d'Armes. Here may be found a wealth of traditions, a romantic charm of the old world that still lingers, whispering of De Bienville, La Fitte, Napoleon, and the Civil War. This old world atmosphere may be found in the picturesque Spanish and French dwellings with their rusted iron work balconies, beautifully wrought by the slaves; their tightly closed blue-green shutters and flag stone courts approached through long, dark, narrow passages that often disclose at their far end remnants of the Creole French.

At the end of just such a passage, a quaint old circular stair leads direct to the auditorium of the Little Theatre. Here one hundred and eighty-six members may be seated on comfortable theatre chairs. The room is simple and unadorned save for a number of wrought iron lanterns. The raising of the velvet curtain reveals a small stage, twelve feet by twenty-two and twelve feet high, at one end of which is a well equipped switch board with five dimmers. Though handicapped by limited space, they have been able to create the illusion of distance by painting with artificial light.

From the stage you may pass into the room where all scenery is built and painted. This work is done by professional and business men of the city who devote their Saturday afternoons and Sundays to executing the scenery designed by Ronald Hargrave under the supervision of the Little Theatre director, Oliver Hinsdell.

Adjoining this room are two fully equipped dressing rooms, property, and green rooms. The green rooms are furnished in antique furniture and the walls hung with framed photographs of the various plays produced and pictures of many distinguished visitors.

THE growth of Le Petit Théatre du vieux Carré has been phenomenal. Beginning four years ago the drawing room players,—a little band of men and women headed by the President, Mrs. James Oscar Nixon—met in the interest of better drama and produced one-act plays every three months. This proving popular, membership rapidly grew and new quarters were found in the Pontalba building. The season lengthened to eight months with seven performances. Once located here, capacity was exhausted and again the list was raised—this time to one thousand at ten dollars a person and a waiting list of some three hundred and twenty. With this increase in finances they were able to secure a professional coach, Oliver Hinsdell of Chicago. Since the advent of Mr. Hinsdell, the standard of the Little Theatre has been noticeably raised and thus drawn to it a greater following of the thinking men and women of the city. The first of February finds them with an old membership of one thousand, and pledges for eight hundred and fifty more. This has enabled them to go into new quarters. Architects are already at work with plans for a new building seating four hundred. This will mean that in place of the usual five performances it will be necessary to give only four, thereby accommodating their entire membership.

Mr. Hinsdell, because of his association with the best actors and producers in this country and abroad, coupled with his innate understanding and appreciation of dramatic and artistic values, has produced plays which have set an enviable standard for amateur productions.

Out of one thousand members, eight hundred and fifty are sustaining and one hundred and fifty active. The active members are those assisting in acting, in the production of the play, painting, and handling of scenery, collecting properties, or in designing and making costumes. These services are donated. Actors are chosen by the competitive method and each play is rehearsed for one month. These actors are recruited from all walks of life. There is the tired business man who

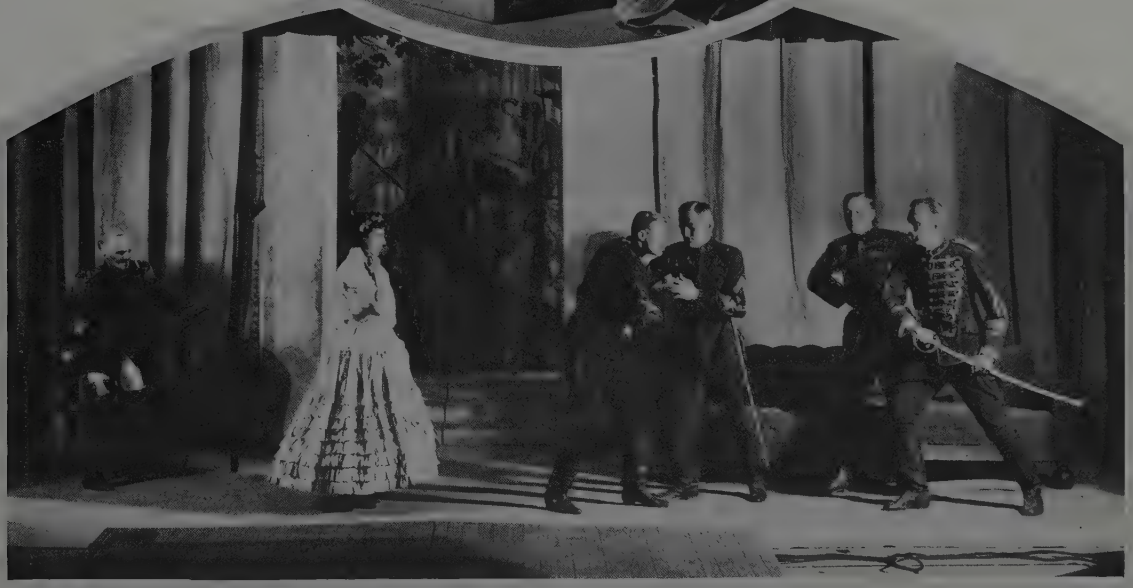
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Scenes from "The Other Side," a romantic drama of spiritism and reincarnation, produced by The Beechwood Players. (*Upper*) A room in the villa of Claudius Britain, 400 A. D. (*Center*) A room in the palace of the Emperor Ming Huang, China, 710 A. D. (*Lower*) A room in the Chateau de Nemours on the Lorraine Frontier, 1870

Under the professional direction of Henry Stillman, formerly associated with David Belasco and other prominent producers, the Beechwood Players have added to their laurels, in the presentation of a group of noteworthy plays by American authors, in their theatre workshop at Scarborough-on-Hudson, New York



The Beechwood Players Present "The Other Side"

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Incorporated

A SIGNIFICANT development in the field of amateur drama is the spread of the Community Drama Institute. Cincinnati, Ohio, is the latest city to establish this helpful agency for workers and students of the Drama.

With Percy Jewett Burrell as director of Institute, the sessions opened early in March at the Guilford School Auditorium and continued into April.

The Executive Committee comprised: Mr. Levi J. Burgess of the Cincinnati Drama League, Chairman; Mrs. Lee Ach, Mr. Philip Bookstaber, Mr. Sherman Conrad, Miss Helen Hinkle, Mr. Robert M. Wagner, Mr. Aubrey Williams.

Among the special lecturers were Mr. Percy Mackaye, Mr. Levi J. Burgess, Mr. Robert Lee Strauss, University of Cincinnati, and Professor Peter W. Dykema, University of Wisconsin. Practically every well-known agency of Cincinnati dealing with community drama was represented on the faculty and various committees of the Institute; local churches, schools, clubs and art centers. The Play Directing Course was conducted by the following: Miss Ruth Allen, Cincinnati Art Theatre; Mrs. Mary Sullivan Brown, formerly with Sothern-Marlowe Co.; Mr. Frank Byers, University of Cincinnati; Mr. John Redhead Froome, Schuster-Martin School; Mr. S. Burnett Jordan, Rockdale Center Players.

The course in pageantry was directed by Mrs. Henry Backus, Organizer Workshop Theatre Women's City Club and Mr. Burrell; stage craft by Mr. Robert Beck, Cincinnati Art Theatre and Mr. Froome; Costuming by Mlle. Haline Feodorova and Mrs. Backus; Make-up by Miss Cora Kahn, Kahn School of Oratory and Dramatic Art; Voice, Mr. Jordan and Mrs. Brown; and the Junior Drama Work by Mrs. William Smith Goldenburg of the Goldenburg Dramatic School.

The course was specifically for workers in school, church, and community centre, just as it was in Boston, New York and other cities, and the tuition fee was merely nominal. All interested in dramatic work were elegible and certificates were given those who completed the course.

ALL of the community centers of a city today are demanding not only physical recreational activities, but cultural ones," said Mr. Burrell. "Trained dramatic leaders are the greatest need of the hour. There is a yearning for dramatic expression among people in all walks of life. Expert leadership finds the demand for its service exceeding the supply.

"With proper and adequate directors, a more intelligent and larger participation in community drama is certain to follow. The acted drama is beginning to find its way into the curriculum of the schools of the country. Each year sees a closer correlation with academic courses and with credits given. History and theory of drama are supplemented by workshop and laboratory methods. New school buildings are being equipped with modern stages and adequate physical facilities for scenery and lighting. Those directing the dramatization of stories and history, dramatic clubs, class plays and other dramatic activities are conscious of the need of discriminating selection of material for various grades and ages and of new and approved methods of rehearsing and producing. The teacher with this technical knowledge is able to give a valued service to school and student.

"Organizations of various types are today giving special attention to the drama. The Red Cross, Y. W. C. A., Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, health units, relief associations, industrial groups and other social service and fraternal organizations are using the specially written play, pageant and dramatic ritual as a means of extending their own educational and social programs. The insistent call in these many fields is for the trained leader."

A BIG community pageant is the most effective means of bringing together all of the religious, educational and civic elements of a city. In Ottawa, Kansas, a George Washington Pageant was presented February 22d under the direction of May Pashley Harris of New York. Large numbers of group organizations took part in this, including the Ottawa Chapter of the D. A. R.'s, The American Legion, University and High School groups, Boy Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls.

THE Springtime Dance and Festival is literally changing the very face of the earth for the people of Middletown, Ohio. Six thousand children took part in the town's second annual May Day Festival, directed by Chester Geppert Marsh, Supervisor of Playgrounds for Middletown.

A playground pageant and series of one-act plays presented by groups of local people have also been part of the spring and early summer program. While the large community celebrations occur annually, the work in plays and folk dances goes on with the children every day. Under Mrs. Marsh's direction, the playground leaders of Middletown work actively in the schools. Each week a new folk dance and a new running game are taught the children. They are accordingly ready at a day's notice to assemble for a dance festival, thus saving the labor of rehearsals and the exhaustive nerve strain play and dramatic leaders invariably undergo in putting on big productions. Musical choruses are also taught in the Middletown schools.

The playground pageant for small children which was recently produced there is one in which many communities will doubtless be interested. Written by Mrs. Marsh, it has much grace and fantasy—notwithstanding its name, which is "The Importance of Being Happy." The play, in which 50 children take part, is built around a little girl's lost Temper, a comedy sprite in harlequin costume. All of the fanciful and quaintly drawn characters are delightfully costumed. Among them are the Queer Little Gobs of Gloom, the Shivery, Quivery Little Fears, Tree Nymphs, Spirits of Play. Their very names lead into bright dance figures. The interpretive dances, adapted from special selections of the best composers, were particularly beautiful.

Dramatic activities are a comparatively fresh undertaking for Middletown, but with the present program instituted by the Playground and Recreation Association of America, they are rapidly being created and placed on a permanent basis. Twenty block organizers are constantly discovering "new talent," people who can sing, play or act.

THE OPEN DOOR," a negro pageant symbolic of the history of the negro race has been given from time to time throughout the past season to large and interested audiences in New York, Brooklyn and other places.

It was for the benefit of Atlanta University, which for half a century has served as an Open Door for the negro youth of America.

The co-operation of Men of Nazarene facilitated many details of pageant production. Much of the orchestral music was by negro composers. The old melodies, chanteys, spirituals and work songs were poignantly beautiful.

THE pageant, written by Alice Holdship Ware, pictures in terms of the Old Morality plays, the following scenes: The wild men lead in King Ignorance and dance before him. Oriental gift bearers perform their rituals in his honor. Under the lash of Greed, the Slaves crouch at the throne of Ignorance, while Hate presents her son, whose name is Prejudice.

Education dispels Ignorance and his following. Freed from their shackles, the Slaves tear down the barbaric curtain and enter The Open Door, from which Glad, Shining Lives come forth to bless the world.

Some lack the will and steady purpose to enter the Door, and Indolence, Foolish Smattering, and Gay Philanderer, with Silly Mockery of Love, lead them back by the way that Ignorance had gone.

Finally, Truth, Beauty, and Love, who have been in hiding for fear of Ignorance, come forth as heralds, bidding all to follow the star and enter The Open Door.

FASHION

As Created and Sponsored by the Actress and the Stage



White Studios

No one on the stage knows better than Fania Marinoff how to dress her dark and piquantly lovely type. She knows the hat that should rightly finish off a costume, the necklace that should be added, the bracelet that "belongs." And what more fitting frame for an olive skin and dark eyes than a "cherry ripe" hat of scarlet crepe with its crown banked with the shaded fruit and green leaves!



Particularly interesting is this hat, entirely of black moiré, since it shows one of the new high crowns, for which Paris has started a vogue, and proves again what chic resides in simplicity of line and material when an artist does the creating. That very simplicity makes it just the right chapeau for Miss Marinoff's frock, the figured velvet of which furnishes enough life and color in itself to the costume. Note the heavy silk rope with its long tassels that Miss Marinoff wears as her main ornament.

Hats from Hollander

PEGGY WOOD IN "MARJOLAINE" WEARS PERIOD FROCKS THAT WOULD ALSO SERVE AS LOVELY MODELS FOR THE SUMMER GIRL



Pink and blue furnish the color scheme for all these frocks of Peggy Wood, and though entirely in harmony with the period of "Marjolaine"—June of 1805—they would also be perfectly in the picture for June of 1922. This, the first-act gown, is of blue chiffon with cream lace ruffles and pink rosebuds, the skirt with three tucks at its hem being hung over a lace-frilled petticoat.



On the right is Miss Wood's frock of pale pink chiffon, flowered in bouquets of a deeper pink, with a tucker at the neckline and pink frills round the sleeves and hem. The hat is adorable, of cream straw, with a lace frill over pink, and a pink satin bow.

And to wind up the evening, pretty Peggy, or rather, Marjolaine, dances out in an embroidered net frock over a silver cloth slip, trimmed with knots of pink and blue flowers.





Did you ever see anything that more plainly spelled F-r-e-n-c-h than Jeanne Eagels in this petit chapeau? And its ingredients are black straw, a brim covered with silk to soften the line, and those dashing wings of black cross



It's in that soft new yellow, with a tinge of green to it, this gracious hat! The crown is of horsehair, the shirred brim of yellow chiffon, and those amusing long leaves wreathing the crown in bright green. To add beauty to beauty, Miss Eagels is its wearer



Miss Eagels was inspired to the gayest of moods, as you see, when she donned this hat. As who mightn't be in such a becoming horsehair shape of lip-stick red, with bright scarlet cherries and leaves of glazed English chintz in the same shade

HATS FROM SIMONNE BOUVET

SHOES FROM HENNING

"These patent leather shoes with their modified heels and toes, I have for street wear in the afternoon, or for restaurant lunching," says Miss Eagels. "Isn't the cut-steel button and fringed tassel that cover the strap fastening an attractive finishing conceit?"



"And these shoes are my greatest pets for all around wear . . such good form, and so comfortable to walk in, with an elastic underneath the buckle that snugs them to the instep. I have them in black calfskin with steel buckles, and in brown calf with bronze buckle," adds Miss Eagels, "and they are smart to the last minute of wearing



"Don't you like the idea of silver slippers to lighten up a black afternoon or evening frock?" inquires Miss Eagels, showing us her pretty feet clad in a particularly attractive pair with trimming of a brilliant-studded loop and fringe that runs only on the one side



Ira Hill Studio

Touring In Town Cars the Modern Luxury

Especially From A Woman's Point of View



If "To the Ladies" is ever picturized this is the way the Kincaids, Isabel Irving and George Howell, will screen paying a call in their new Packard limousine on the Beebes, Helen Hayes and Otto Kruger.



A feature of one's car today should be the installation of a radio machine. The ever versatile Hedda Hopper, playing in "Six Cylinder Love," is a radio fan and has just had her Hudson coach equipped with the device.

I TRUST you will not think me unduly platitudinous if I rise to remark that the town, or closed car, has come to stay.

This is meant in the sense that the town car has undoubtedly become the preferred type of car, where there is only one to a family. In the latter case the one chosen will be a closed instead of a touring car. For the former practically includes the latter. No one disputes the advantages of the limousine for town. And it is only the fiercest of fresh air fiends who feels, when he leaves behind the city limits, that a car open to all the winds of heaven is necessary to give him sufficient breathing space and sun.



This 6-cylinder Minerva chassis, belonging to Billie Burke, had its coachwork specially built up for her by the Brooks Ostrick Co. The exterior is painted a Minerva blue, with grey leather back and a polished aluminum bonnet, and the interior is upholstered with imported leather and equipped with specially made cobbler cushions.

This fiend will rarely be found among the cohorts of the women. And it is we women who count today in ninety percent of the buying, though the fact had perhaps better be concealed as much as possible in the interest of tact and consequent greater efficiency.

European women were the first to start the vogue for the limousine. Not being as addicted to sport possibly, as their American sisters, their thought was more to their appearance at the end of a trip. And the difference that a closed car makes in preserving the original freshness and tautness of that admits of no question.

I remember so well my own first experience with a limousine used as a touring car. It was on the other side, several years before the war. I was travelling with another American girl and her mother and father, and one of our jaunts had included a three day motor trip into the Midlands. As good, honest, red-blooded, hundred percent Americans, we had naturally hired an open touring car in which to do our jaunting. And though we suffered the inconvenience of quite a bit of cold and rainy September weather, it never occured to any of us that country motoring was to be conducted in any other manner.

Came an invitation for a motor trip into the south of England from a charming Englishwoman and her husband. Great enthusiasm on the part of everybody . . *until* it was learned that the trip was to be undertaken in two Daimler limousines. Then, great disgust! We should get no air, nor sun—precious stuff, what there was of it. We should be smothered, "frowsty." We wouldn't be able to see the scenery, even. Why does she want to such an eccentric thing? There was talk of trying to back out of the invitation.

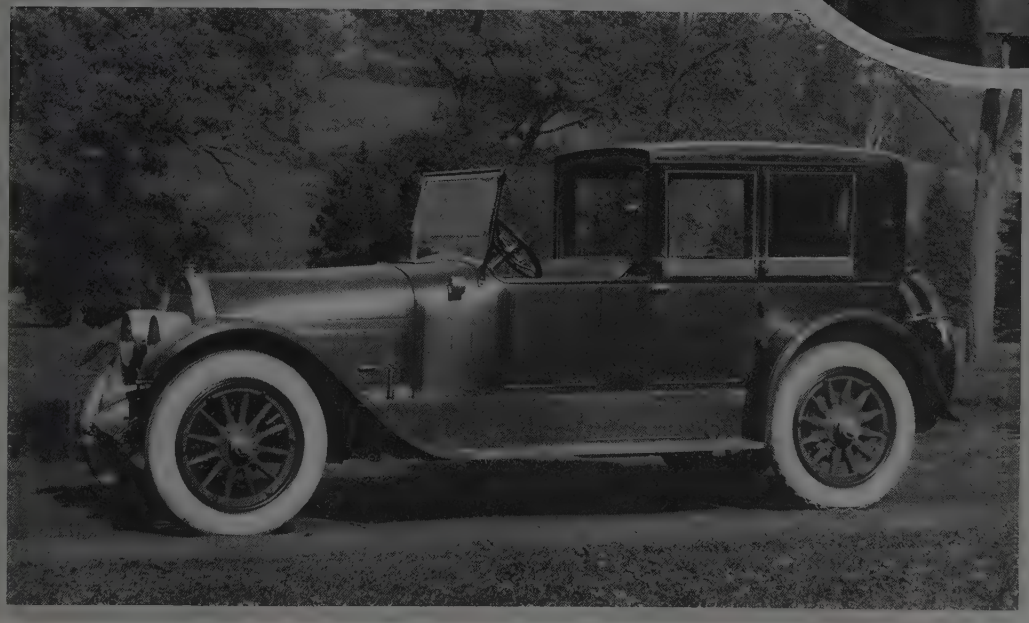
But all hands finally went. And not one of us, even the male member of the

(*Continued on page* 410)





A Lanchester 6-cylinder overhead valve chassis, with a Brewster cabriolet body. This has the distinguished finishing of solid black outside with nickel trimmings, and an interior done in French drab broadcloth with luxurious cushions.



A smart interior of the Marmon 34. Auiliary seats that may be easily folded out of the way satisfy every desire for comfort.

If you feel it difficult to relinquish altogether the idea of a touring car, here is just the thing for you, a Stevens-Duryea semi-touring limousine, holding six passengers. The side windows may entirely disappear, if you wish, and there are drop seats provided for two extra passengers.



The Cameo Theatre, An Aristocrat Among Motion Picture Playhouses

On 42nd, just East of Broadway, is to be found the entrance door to the Cameo—a door, typical of the little house itself, which seats but six hundred people, all on one floor. Here in exclusive, almost clubhouse comfort and intimacy, one may view a well-chosen program of pictures to the accompaniment of an excellent symphony orchestra



Richness of appointment and subdued coloring characterize the entresole of the Cameo Theatre, with its interesting old Italian table and chairs. Even the ticket taker's box which is not shown in the illustration, is in the picture, having been adapted from an old carved chest. Irving T. Bush, of the Bush Terminal Building, and B. S. Moss, Director of the Theatre, collaborated in the designing of the Cameo, with the idea of making it the ideal motion picture theatre



(*Upper*) A mural, stretching around three sides of the upper wall, and representing the ancestral professions leading up to the motion picture: the pantomime, the circus, the strolling players, lends added interest to the spacious Italian renaisance foyer with its coffered ceiling and crystal chandeliers. An illuminated fountain is the dominant feature of the foyer



(*Center*) The boxes at the State Theatre are decorated in dull old gold, and richly hung with silver and gold draperies

Loew's State Theatre, the Newest, and Perhaps the Most Palatial of New York's Vaudeville and Motion Picture Houses



The rest room on the orchestra floor is in Louis XV, designed after a room decorated for Madame de Pompadour. The color scheme is black and gold



The walls and ceiling of the rest room on the mezzanine are draped in changeable cream and mauve silk. The furniture of walnut and gold is upholstered in delicate silk tapestries

The Promenades of Angelina

She "covers" "The Strand," "Marjolaine" and Broadway's Latest and Smartest Restaurant "The Plantation"

Drawings by Art Snyder

COME along to my Italian restaurant tonight, you and Fanny," said Tubby one afternoon when we ran into him on Broadway. "I'll get Edwin and we'll make a foursome."

Fanny and I, full of spring ambition, had been scouting around among the little shops above Forty-second Street . . . The idea appealed to us. .

"But what shall we do till dinner time?" asked Fanny. "The Strand," I offered. "Richard Barthelmess' picture is on there . . I'd like to see it . . and you know one of your hobbies is the perfect bone structure in his face." I think I said last time that Fanny was by way of being something of an artist.

So we went into The Strand . . *and* we chose two seats . . *and* we sat down . . . as those dreadful people go on who insist on cataloguing for you every smallest and totally unimportant detail in their adventures . . . aren't they *terr*-i-ble . . . ! There were lovely new decorations to admire, especially for artist Fanny, and then we snuggled down into the comfortable seats and gave our minds to picking up the threads of the story—the feature was on—and identifying the cast. Barthelmess, with his beautiful bone structure, of course . . . Louise Huff, with a bob, looking younger and prettier than ever, the bob giving her a new piquancy . . . "Who was the dashing, dark girl," said Fanny, " . . so familiar, yet one couldn't place her . . Oh, yes . . Teddy Gerard, to be sure . . the picture must have been made when she was here in the summer . . she's doing a review in London now . .. And who, Oh who, is that darling blonde baby that keeps appearing . . probably an Englishman . . one of Teddy's numerous admirers who followed her over and whom she persuaded into the picture . . How swankily he wears his white flannels, doesn't he . . and his yachting cap . . . is there anything more dreadful and unbecoming, as a rule, than a yachting cap? And what nice white teeth . . and such a clear, straight look in the eye in his close-ups . . and what a jolly hair-cut in the back . . I'm sure that's an English hair-cut . . I wish my hairdresser could get my bob like that. . And how well he registers that most difficult of all rôles to get across, simply acting like a gentleman . . ."



"Marjolaine" and Lieutenant the Hon. Jack Sayle inveigle into a dance the Reverend Sternroyd, who first carefully conceals himself beneath his huge cotton umbrella

Fanny buzzed on until she earned a well-deserved shush from in front . . . She insisted on our sitting through the whole picture when it came round again, even though Tubby was to be kept waiting. As we went out, Fanny picked up a program to see who her "blonde baby," as she insisted on calling him . . . "I'm sure he can't be over twenty" . . might be. "George Stewart" he was listed. "How noncommital," remarked Fanny. "I'm sure its a disguise and he's the youngest son of impoverished nobility here to make some money posing for the films . . Angelina, promise you will find out about him for me."

I promised (I'll give you the end of the story presently) if only she'd hurry and not keep Tubby waiting any longer . .

I hate being late as a rule . . but it didn't worry Tubby, who has his special table kept for him at his restaurant and knows everybody and has always to start the evening anyway, with a little touring-and-talking from table to table. The restaurant is a most amusing place, lots of interesting people of the stage and Metropolitan go there . . sometime I must tell you more about it.

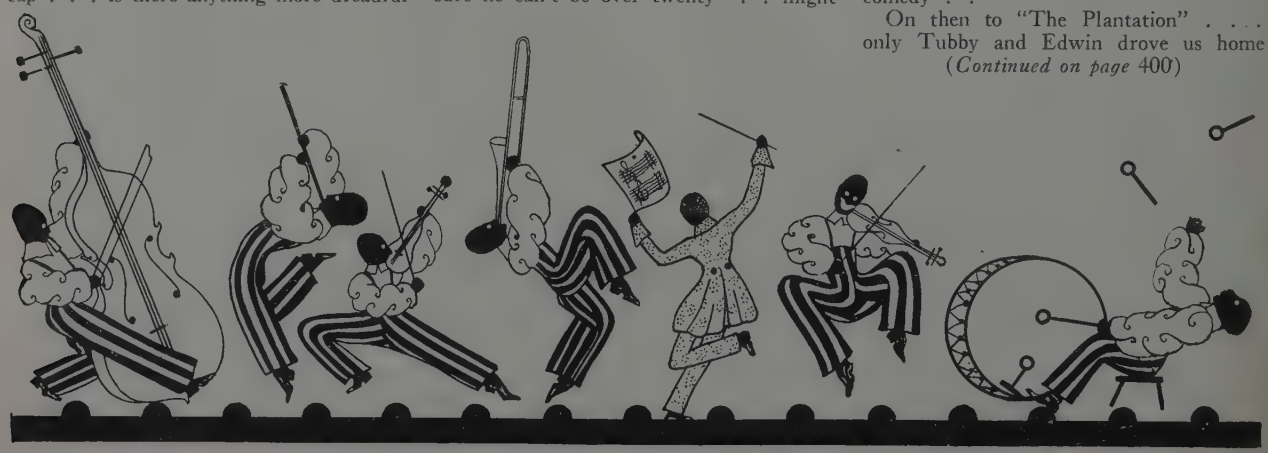
"Ladies," announced Tubby and Edwin at dinner, "we have been enterprising and secured seats for 'Marjolaine' tonight . . also a table for 'The Plantation' afterwards."

"Oh, corking of you!" I cried. "I went there the opening night and I've been dying to go back again ever since . . There's a colored cabaret, Fanny, and it's the greatest fun of any place I've been to in a long time."

After dinner a taxi to "Marjolaine" . . . "Pomander Walk" put to music, you know, with Lennox Pawle, and Peggy Wood and the dear little Mary Hay . . who is soon to have her own name in electrics . . I won't tell you the details about the play because everyone else is sure to . . Only that the Rudolf Friml music is so gay and hummable, and the Georgian costumes so gay and colorful . . and every part down to the smallest so beautifully taken . . There's a new young leading man, Irving Beebe, that Fanny and I distinctly fancied . . Altogether, we didn't know when we'd enjoyed ourselves more at a musical comedy . .

On then to "The Plantation" . . . . only Tubby and Edwin drove us home

(*Continued on page* 400)



Not the least part of the success of "The Plantation" is due to the colored orchestra of the well-known Voudrey, which dispenses the best there is in irresistible jazz.

The Right of Way to Tire Leadership

A year or so ago, the American public placed the leadership of the tire business in the hands of the men who make U. S. Royal Cords

THE first Royal Cord Tires were made and sold in 1916.

No cut-and-dried story could possibly account for their position of command today—earned in a short six years.

It mostly comes down to the car-owner as an out and out *human being.* Forget him as a mere tire customer and consider him as a *personality.* With an *inborn instinct* for quality. With a pride in demonstrating his *quality beliefs.*

How many tire manufacturers, would you say, have even guessed that American car-owners were shifting so fast to *better tires?*

* * *

Certainly U. S. Royal Cords have proven this fundamental thing—

For every low-grade tire made there is arising some motorist with a fine, human *indifference* for it.

He and his kind have become out and out loyalists of Royal Cord Tires—as representing the highest expression of their demands.

Multiply this man by a million or more. Then sit down and weigh his tremendous *deciding influence.*

* * *

Today, for the production of U.S. Tires, there is erected and operating the *largest group of tire factories in the world.*

The men who make Royal Cords are *quality workers* and *quality merchandisers.*

Their spirit of leadership is the spirit of constancy—faithfulness—a simple, understandable policy.

U.S. Royal Cords have come to be the *measure of value* of all automobile tires.

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.

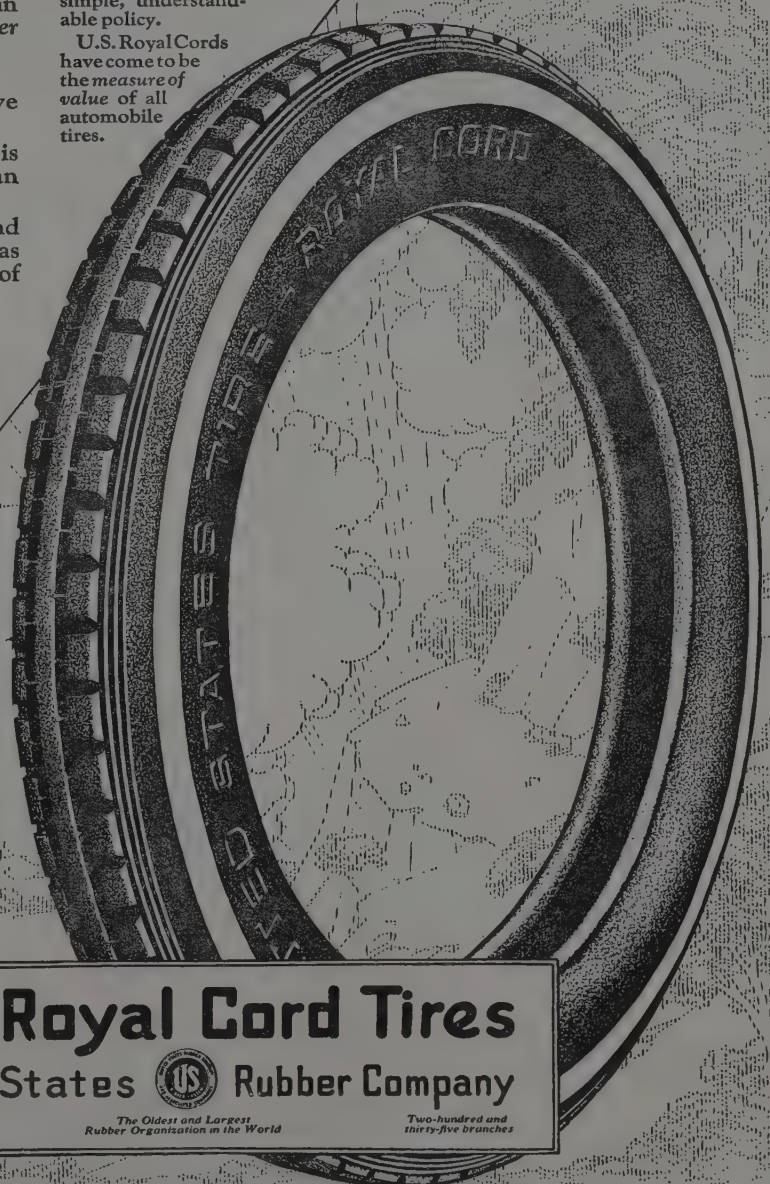
Let us compete for more and more public confidence.

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

Let us compete for still more dependable public service.

United States Tires are Good Tires

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U. S. Royal Cord Tires

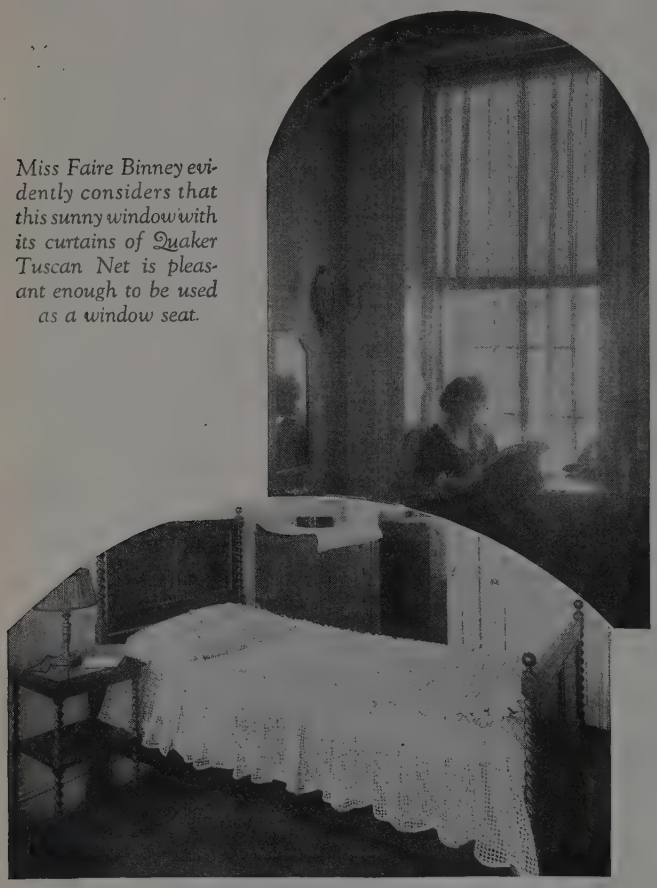
United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories

The Oldest and Largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two-hundred and thirty-five branches

The Misses Binney Use Quaker Lace in Their Home



Miss Faire Binney evidently considers that this sunny window with its curtains of Quaker Tuscan Net is pleasant enough to be used as a window seat.

THE youthful charm of the Misses Constance and Faire Binney has contributed much to motion pictures. Their touch is as sure in the decoration of their home as it is in their work on the stage. Quite in keeping with the unaffected lines of the furniture are the curtains and bed spread of Quaker Tuscan Net, whose severely plain pattern is perfectly fitted to emphasize the rich dark beauty of the wood. Tuscan Net is the ideal curtain or bed spread material for use with mahogany or walnut furniture.

Booklets That Will Interest You

Booklets "Concerning Window Draperies" and "Twelve New Ideas for Decoration" will be sent free if you mention the name of the best retailer handling window draperies in your city or shopping center. Otherwise, enclose 10 cents in stamps.

Some of the New Type of Quaker Craft Lace are:

Tuscan Net Casement Lace Filet Tiré
Sampler Lace Shantung Net



QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Mills: Philadelphia, Pa.
Wholesale Salesrooms: 890 Broadway, New York

OBERAMMERGAU'S PASSION PLAY

(*Continued from page 378*)

Anton Lang. It is essential that all characters must naturally look their parts, because no wigs, paint, nor make up of any kind is permitted. The costumes are the only accessories to the natural personal appearance. Anton Lang, though 49, certainly looks the part of Christ. I have had several long intimate talks with him in his little pottery workshop, his clear blue eyes, spiritual face with beard and long hair completing the typical picture of the "Man of Sorrows" as handed down to us by the old masters. His is a spiritual nature of surpassing sweetness. He lives his part in his daily life. No monetary temptations can influence him.

THE Bible records one instance where the Master was subjected to Temptation, but Anton Lang has on many occasions been led "into an exceedingly high mountain." American theatrical and motion picture interests have offered him fabulous sums for his appearance. He showed me a letter of fairly recent date. When I had read it he said, "A million dollars is a great deal of money, but if ever the Passion Play leaves Oberammergau, the world will no longer come here." He is loyal to Oberammergau and will not barter his village. He cited, as example, a former Mary Magdalene of the Passion Play who went to America and capitalized her connection with the play on the vaudeville circuit. "Now," he said, "she, like the Magdalene of old, is repentent; for when she returns she is no longer regarded as an Oberammergauan."

The Mary of 1910 was Ottilie Zwink, daughter of Johannes Zwink, the famous Judas. She gained lasting laurels in the part. Shortly after her triumph in the Passion Play of 1910 she married; her husband soon became a helpless invalid, and for years she tenderly nursed him. Her home is just opposite my lodging, and only a few days ago from my window I watched a funeral cortège, in the midst of mighty snows and cold, carry the mortal remains of her husband to the village churchyard. She has no children. Though a most successful Mary, as a married woman she automatically became ineligible to play any part in the Passion Play.

THE Mary of this year is Martha Veit, 24 years of age, and an untried actress. Her selection was a great surprise, not only to herself, but to the community in general. She has been much away from Oberammergau filling the position of governess to a family in Hamburg; but like all loyal Oberammergauans, no matter where they are in residence, she has returned in the autumn prior to the Passion Play to remain until its termination a year later. Her selection is doubtless due to her type. She looks the part to perfection.

The St. John of 1910 is this year filled by Melchoir Breitsamter, who in 1910, appeared as Joseph in tableaux.

The Judas is played by Guido Mayr, a player heretofore unknown.

Joseph of Arimathea falls to the lot of Peter Rendl, the father of the Mary Magdalene. He successfully played the part in 1910.

THE Mary Magdalene of 1910 was portrayed by Maria Mayr who, in 1900, had been a singer in the chorus. This year the part is given to Paula Rendl. Her only previous experience has been in the winter plays which are frequently given in the Practice Theatre where untried talent is permitted opportunity.

The Herod of 1910 was played by Hans Mayr, who in 1900, was a singer in the chorus. This year he assumes the rôle of Pilate.

Caiphas, the High Priest, is taken by Hugo Rutz, the blacksmith of the village.

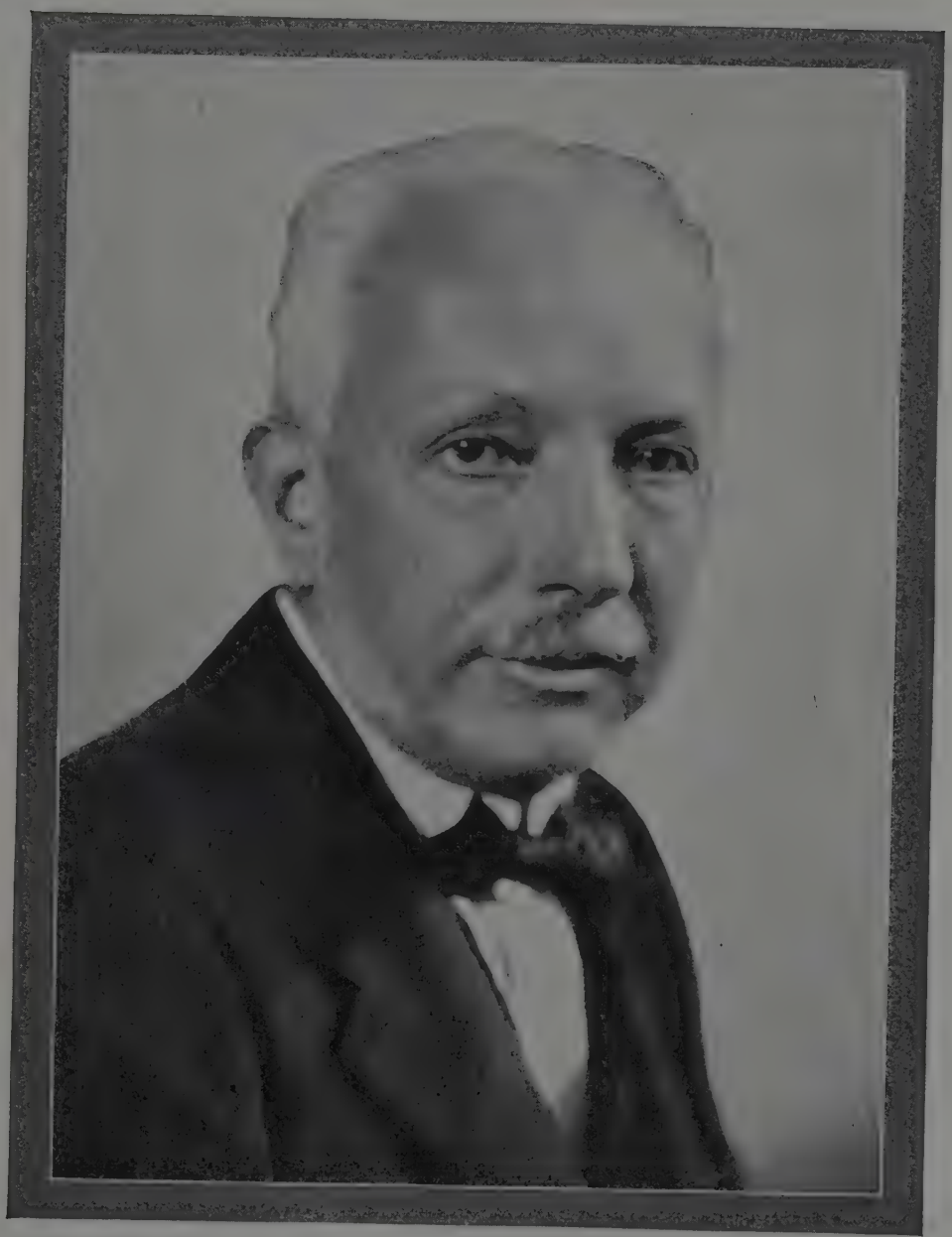
Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, no one but a native Oberammergauan may take part in the play. No one not an actual participant is admitted to rehearsal. I used all of my influence to see a rehearsal but to no avail. However, no one prevented me from standing in the street outside the Practice Theatre and listening to the rehearsal where I could hear the voice and the text distinctly; could distinguish clearly the tone and words of Anton Lang, and all other characters: while from across the street I could clearly hear the chorus rehearsing the music of the play in the village school house: the music distinguished from all other music in the world.

THE text of the play has come down the centuries modified and improved by Father Ottmar Weiss of the nearby Ettal Monastery, early in 1800, and later certain minor modifications in the text and music were made under the direction of Father Alois Daisenberger, a pupil of Weiss, and the beloved Parish Priest of Oberammergau until 1883.

That these simple, but high grade peasant folk, who make their livelihood by wood carving and pottery, have exceptional dramatic talent is beyond question. They have no dramatic schools nor training, beyond the instruction of their director, who, himself has had no instruction nor experience in so-called technique of the stage. The phenomenal success of the Passion Play performed by a simple peasant cast makes one pause and wonder if dramatic art is not an art solely inborn which all the dramatic schools and instruction in the world cannot alter or improve.

BRUNSWICK
Exclusive Artists

Number Six of a Series



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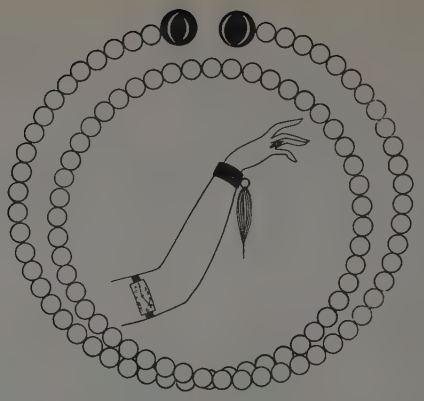
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PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(*Continued from page* 396)

first to get into evening things . . otherwise we'd feel a bit awkward . . they themselves had had the forethought to change before dinner. I lent Fanny a frock . . we're of a size . . while Father fed Edwin and Tubby a highball . . and we got to "The Plantation" in ample time to get settled and order before the cabaret appeared. Tubby had had the luck to secure a table at the proper vantage point, against the wall on the Broadway side so that you faced the performers as they came on . . and we were about the last to arrive. Every seat in the place was taken, and there was the prettiest and smartest looking crowd of women all in evening dress, that I have seen together in a restaurant in a long time.

A colored cabaret, I said, didn't I? Since the midnight "Shuffle Along" colored performances have acquired such a vogue! And they certainly are a welcome change. . Such vitality as these dark creatures have . . and how pretty the pale brown skins of the "high-brow babies," as Florence Mills, the soubrette, has it in her song. Fanny and I said we'd like to acquire just such a nice soft bisque-doll tone this summer ourselves. After the performance we stayed and danced till the second show at two-thirty . . . the place keeps open until early morning . . and there was such a nice sociable atmosphere without blare. There were hosts of celebrities to see if your eyes were quick. . Connie Talmadge, looking lovely in a spangly gown and dancing with William Rhinelander Stewart . . Vincent Serrano, and Gertrude Vanderbilt, and Mae Murray, and Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, and dear knows who all. Mr. Pidgeon, the charming host of the place—I suppose you'd call him that—came up and spoke to Tubby, and said it was like that every night, if anything more so. .

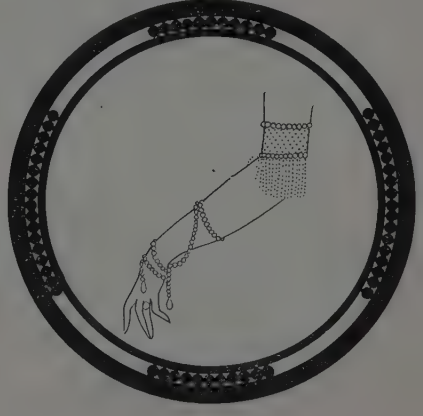
Fanny and I noted the prevalence of no sleeves in the frocks and the numbers of bracelets worn. . One woman had thought out the amusing stunt of wearing her bejewelled wristwatch above her elbow . . effective and very practical, too . . easier to glance at unobserved. And then it left room for the full display of a wonderful bracelet of black jet with a clear crystal orange ball and a long orange silk tassel. Another woman had her wrist wound with a pearl bracelet with pear-shaped pendants, and a net of pearls with pearl fringe (see the sketch) on her upper arm.

"What a brilliant idea for hiding a scrawny elbow," said Fanny, "a net of pearls, a man-catcher. . I shall call it "The Lorelei."

"And I," said Tubby, ungallantly, "shall call our taxi," thus ending a pleasant morning.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell about Fanny's "blonde baby." The day after our debauch I telephoned around and who in the world do you suppose he turned out to be . . . not an

(*Continued on page* 410)



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IS THE STAGE BEAUTY REALLY BEAUTIFUL?

(*Continued from page* 366)

features, who had spent a half-hour at the make-up table?

After Mr. Norworth's week during which he had introduced the prize-winners twelve times and after he had observed their faces enough to have a conviction, I asked him if they would be considered beauties in the ordinary musical comedy chorus. He said that in his opinion they would not, and related a personal anecdote to the point.

"I was selectng a small musical comedy chorus at one tme," he said, "and in response to the preliminary announcement nearly one hundred girls appeared at the theatre for a try-out. There were very beautiful girls, some who were just pretty, and others—well, others who were not pretty. It looked as though it would be difficult to make the selection, but I had definite ideas about the matter, so I thought of a little scheme. It was a 'society chorus,' so-called, so I wanted the girls to appear to be as beautiful as possible; but I knew that could be done easily enough. So I asked the assembled group how many of them had mothers, brothers or sisters dependent upon them for financial help of any kind. Enough of them arose to fill my quota exactly. 'You're engaged!' I said. I knew that for a girl to be beautiful on the stage is an easy matter, when she learns the art of make-up, which is too often overlooked, also, I knew that the stage girl who has some obligation financially will be a good and willing worker and try her best to be beautiful. I was not mistaken in this case, for the chorus proved to be as beautiful as any you ever saw on the stage.

"Why for that matter, I might become quite personal. Did you know that one of the most beautiful and one of the most prized stage beauties in Ziegfeld's chorus is not at all what could be called beautiful on the stage? She knows her art, however—she knows how to make up rather large features, so that her face becomes beautiful in the limelight."

Stage beauty and-off stage beauty in woman are no more alike than a rosebush in a garden covered with beautiful blossoms; and a rose-bush painted on canvas by a scenic artist.

HOW THE STAGE CAME TO BE "RESPECTABLE"

(*Continued from page* 358)

persons deliberately cut themselves off while in life, I confess that I regard them rather with pity than with contempt or animosity.

The intolerant element has gained more by this change in public opinion than the theatre, but in the closer personal relations between players and the outside world, or what we call "society," the last-named has derived the greater benefit. Players—I mean real players, with player blood in their veins or born with a distinct *flair* for the footlights,—are still a race apart from the rest of human kind as much as they were in the days when their fixed status was that of "rogues and vagabonds." I am sorry for them when I see their names "among those present" in newspaper chronicles of fashionable society. Sorry because I know that they are giving more than they receive, sorry because I am quite sure that what they think is their "social success" is likely to blind them to its actual worthlessness and set up false ambitions in their hearts.

Indeed, I have often felt that the attitude of the average woman of fashion toward the players whom she invites to her house is more offensive than that of the elder generation that refused to "receive" them. She invites them knowing that their presence will attract more desirable guests and aid her in her life work of getting into the newspapers. Moreover, she finds their conversation entertaining and, if they be of sufficient distinction, she cherishes the ulterior design of inducing them to pay for their food and drink by appearing for nothing at a charity performance. More than one hostess of recent years has advanced herself socially through her acquaintance with players whom she used as bait in fishing for guests of wealth and fashion superior to her own.

What does the player gain from this intimacy between the two elements? Does it advance him one particle in his profession? Does it feed or starve the personal vanity which is often his besetting sin? Does he derive any healthful stimulus from the tea table chatter of those foolish ones who like to "meet" actors? Is it not true that he is expected to pay his way by giving the very best of himself in return for a mess of particularly thin social pottage?

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

"The Bird Song" from Pagliacci and "Micaela's Air" from Carmen on a double-faced Brunswick record for May by Florence Easton, show the Metropolitan soprano at her best. The piquant and dramatic force of Nedda's lilting song and the legato smoothness of Micaela's entreaty are presented with the vocal beauty and intelligence which has always distinguished Miss Easton's work.

Two Tosti songs by Mario Chamlee, "Parted" and "My Dreams," are sung with delightful freshness and a thrilling vigor by the Metropolitan Opera Company tenor who has gained such favor in his two short seasons with that organization.

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HOW THE PLAYER LEARNS HIS PART

(*Concluded from page 368*)

role comes, of course, after I have completely assimilated the play as a whole—broken its back, as it were. I now commence to get what might be termed 'under its skin.' I read the lines over and over again, repeating them, shading them, giving them life and expression, doing a bit of 'business' along with it all."

If you've ever wondered to what particular usefulness a valet could be put, other than to turn on faucets for a bath, or lay out evening clothes for his 'master,' note this:

"After I have become thoroughly familiarized with the lines, I hand the manuscript over to a valet, who prompts me when necessary. Sometimes, if my wife is in the mood to help, I enlist her services. When my prompter observes that I hesitate when I arrive at certain places in the manuscript, these lines with which I appear to be unfamiliar are shouted to me in no gentle tones. I like to be 'bullied' in cases like that. In fact, I insist upon it. I realize those lines are the sticklers, the ones with which I have been least impressed, and so, if I do not learn them for the mere love of learning them, they must simply be yelled into my memory. I always ask that I be not prompted merely because I pause, but only after I actually admit that I do not know what comes next. This system is pursued up until the time of rehearsal. I have no particular set hours for study. I take time to eat, sleep, and exercise. I also set aside time for recreation. The remaining hours are devoted to concentrated study.

"Very often I arrive at the first rehearsal not knowing my lines at all. But I know the play thoroughly, and have assimilated it in its entirety. It is a well known fact that the actor who comes to rehearsal letter-perfect is not always the one who is going to carry off his role in the most finished fashion on the opening night. It sometimes means that he is doing the best he can at rehearsal—that he will not improve in the slightest with succeeding rehearsals. But the actor who mumbles his lines, who doesn't seem to know his cues, or have studied his lines at all, will very often give a brilliant and finished performance when the proper time arrives. Though he has neglected the mechanical preparation at first, he knows all about the rest of the play, which is much more essential than rattling off lines in a short time.



COSTUMES BY—

(*Concluded from page 372*)

costly materials and bad taste.

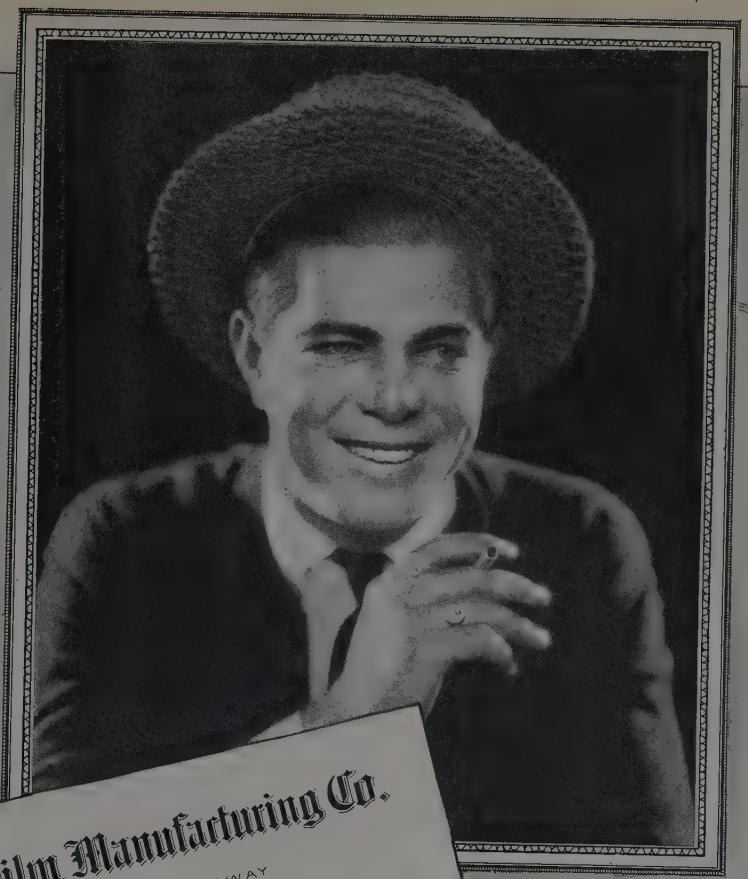
The modern designer discovered the possibilities in cheesecloth, muslin, oilcloth, and other fabrics that cost but little. By the use of dyes, paints, and metals, he found the medium for achieving gorgeous effects such as the much-talked of work of James Reynolds and Robert Locker in the various "Greenwich Village Follies." And what a sensation when it was revealed that the Bishop's robes in Paul Poiret's latest revue consisted of sackcloth covered with gold paint!

The costume designer of today has departed from the theories and methods of even the best costuming of earlier times in that he does not attempt to imitate slavishly any historical period. He studies motifs, perhaps; he selects those details which best express the spirit of the time and he uses them to create something which is at once a revelation of the epoch and a new work of art. Another factor considered in modern costuming is the effect to be attained by the massing of groups of people garbed in certain colors, thus evolving a significant mass picture which is often superior to individual costuming.

The artist designer has developed to a high degree the symbolic meaning of color and form in costume. He makes this an additional means of conveying the ideas of the play to the audience. He is cognizant of the fact that the color and texture of a garment must not be incongruous with the character portrayed by the wearer. Various weights and surfaces in materials are used to produce proper contrasts in the stations and attitudes of the characters involved.

It is no longer possible for a designer merely to make costumes for his figures and let it go at that. The artist sees that teamwork is essential: that the production must be a harmonious whole. He plans, therefore, a careful blending of shades, or the contrast of brilliant colors against a neutral background, as his presentation may demand.

Today it is very different. The line "Costumes By ————" is no longer to be disdainfully passed over. The scenic and satorial artist has arrived in this department of the stage. He has become about almost as important as the author and the actor.







Hoot Gibson writes

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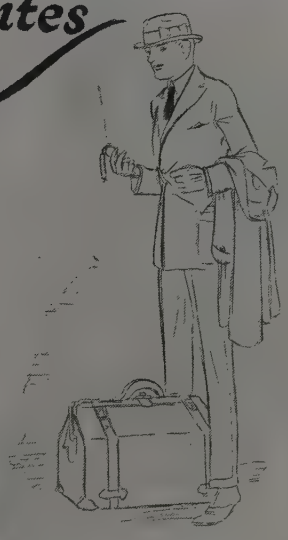
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WHY I PRODUCE BEDROOM FARCES

(*Continued from page 352*)

for all concerned if a manuscript under consideration were first submitted to a censor by either the author or the producer, so that it might be passed or banned before actual work on its production had commenced. I believe that such a censor should be a man thoroughly conversant with the theatre and drama as an art. A man like Augustus Thomas would be an ideal choice for this rôle. I must not forget to remark that all of the "bedroom" plays I have bought have been written by reputable playwrights, and, in addition to depending upon my own judgment, I depended on theirs when I make my choice.

These men have something at stake, also, and I assume that they would not care to write plays under their own names which might prove utterly objectionable, or ultimately, be closed up. Much, too, depends on the cast which presents plays like "Ladies' Night," and the others of similar type. Certain actors and actresses can lend delicacy to a part which would seem vulgar and common handled by less capable artists. I am particularly careful in making up the casts of these plays. A young, flippant, little actress can succeed in making the character which she portrays in the play seem merely saucy, while another, older, more sophisticated woman might make the character appear absolutely loose and immoral.

I have also been asked how much damage the reformers did to me when they "panned" "The Demi-Virgin" so unmercifully. You know criticism of that kind frequently acts as a boomerang. In the case of "The Demi-Virgin," it has reacted distinctly in her favor. She played to a $10,000 a week house before she was advertised so extensively by the hostile ones, and afterwards, to a $17,000 a week house. So I felt that it would be only just to the reformers to give them the increase of several thousand dollars, and suggested to Mr. Hopwood, the author of "The Demi-Virgin," that he turn some of his profit over to them.

Now I have saved the real bit of news for the last: "The Demi-Virgin" is the last so-called "bedroom farce" which I shall put on for seven years. I am calling a halt on this kind of play, not because of the adverse criticism which has come from certain sources, but because I believe it would lose its popularity if continued indefinitely. All things travel in cycles. This is particularly true of plays. There is the cycle of melodrama, comedy, drama, tragedy, farce, farce-comedy, mystery plays, detective plays, crime plays, and so on. The bedroom-farce has had its day.

When I say I will not put on another play of this type for seven years, I say it because I believe the cycles each last seven years. Before I went in for bedroom-farces I produced such plays as "Gypsy Love," "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Littlest Rebel," with Dustin and Bill Farnum; "Common Clay," with Jane Cowl; "The Yellow Ticket," with Jack Barrymore," and "The Song of Songs." I now plan to begin a cycle of drama and comedy drama. Among the plays which I shall produce next season are: "East of Suez," a play of the Far East, by W. Somerset Maugham, with Pauline Frederick; "The Claw and the Wing," by Bayard Veiller, in which Marjorie Rambeau will appear; "The Onlooker," by Eugene Walter; "The New Immorality," by Alan Dale; "The Flapper in the Family," by Walter DeLeon; and "Cheaper to Get Married," by Sam Shipman.

And in closing I want to say I am well satisfied with the "bedroom-farce" repertoire. These plays, I bought and produced, served their purpose—to lighten and brighten a few hours for bored theatregoers. Their days is on the wane, and they go out with the old cycle, but they are, by no means, off the boards for all time.



NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Gigli's Victor Record for May is "Notturno d'Amor" (Love's Nocturne), an arrangement to Italian words of the forever-beautiful "Drigo's Serenade." It is astonishing what a love-song it makes, pealing forth, in flexible, clear Italian syllables, that "lyric cry" which is the essence of united poetry and song.

"The Road That Brought You to Me" is John McCormack's selection for May—a love-song. There is perhaps nothing in music that he sings with greater inspiration and delight. This one has a good, swinging waltz-melody, with that spirit of youth without which few love-songs may hope to be. There is a fine orchestral interlude, throwing the beauty of the voice into rich relief.

For his first Victor Record Tito Schipa has chosen a song in Spanish popular style from an opera not known in this country—"Granadinas" (Farewell, My Granada). It offers a splendid medium to introduce this remarkable young Italian tenor, being wild and emotional, and making unusual demands upon the singer's range and flexibility.

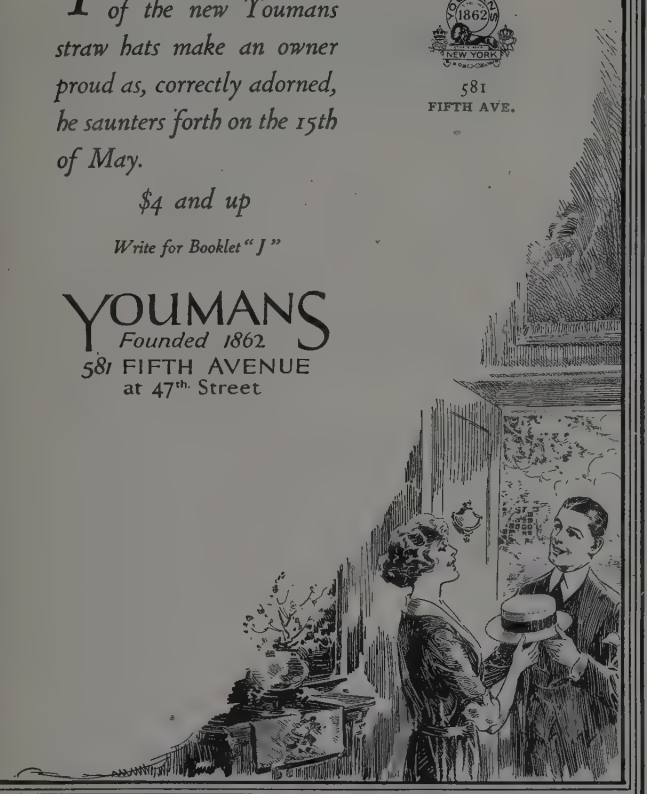
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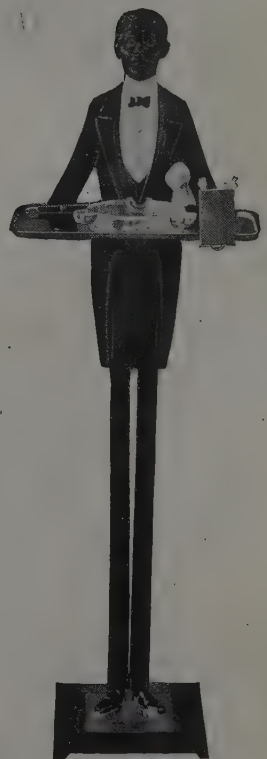
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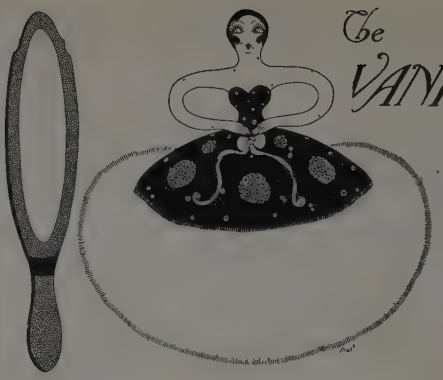
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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE went over to the Belmont Theatre at the close of a matinée day, when "Montmartre" was playnig there, and obtained admittance to the dressing room of Galina Kopernak.

If you have heard much of the lovely Galina already, you will hear more shortly. She is one of the finds of the season, young, a beauty, Russian, an actress,—the last two terms, we have come to believe this winter, being practically synonymous. It is only with her beauty, however, that we are concerned here. Or more specifically with one aspect of it, her beautiful skin, its main feature, as it must be the main feature of any beauty. Can you imagine any real beauty without that to begin on, or to go on with?

We find Miss Kopernak just removing the last trace of her stage make-up. She said would we forgive her, but she must go ahead while we talked and dress for the street, as she had a tea engagement. We said that would suit us perfectly, since nothing could possibly be more instructive than to watch an actress at her toilet table. And since she was a foreigner as well and had recently come from Paris, it would be all the more thrilling.

And hardly were the words out of our mouths before we began to get a thrill. For Miss Kopernak reached for a big white jar of cream standing on her dressing-table and proceeded to pat cream from it into her face, wafting through the room at the same time, a delicious, permeating fragrance. *And,* to our astonishment—us the connoisseur, the expert on creams and cosmetics in general—the gay red and gilt foreign-looking label on the jar was totally unfamiliar. The cream vanished into the pores with miraculous quickness, leaving only a soft velvety surface, without a trace of shine, on the lovely Kopernak face.

"*What* is that wonderful cream you are using?" we implored.

"Don't you know it either?" said Miss Kopernak. "I find so few American women who do . . only those who have lived much in Paris or on the other side. Then they love it as much as I do. It is a French cream, and I found it abroad before I came to this country . . . it is the one cream I must have. I could not get on without it. And I have such trouble when I first came over here to try to find it. I go to store after store . . finally I find one place . . and now there is another. Soon, I suppose, there will be more. It is because of the war, they told me, they could not import it. But now they can, and as soon as American women know about this cream they will insist, like me, on having it too."

"It is the 'queen of creams'! Not inexpensive, perhaps, but not dear either, for the quality. And it is an unusual thing in creams, for it is a combination, a foundation cream and a skinfood, so that it is beautifying in two ways . . while it is giving a lovely appearance to the skin it is at the same time preserving, *healthifying.* You try some. . See! How light, how fresh, like snow . . *perfumed* snow . . it never spoils, never gets rancid, no matter how long the jar is open."

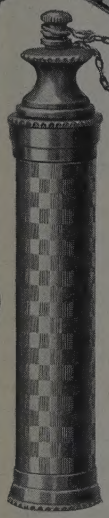
And then with her foundation applied Miss Kopernak smoothed the powder over her face, added a scarlet mouth and, looking a dream, was ready for the street. We know you will be adding to your store of beauty knowledge, if you learn about this French cream, new to this side, but used for many years on the other by fastidious and clever women.

(For the name of this imported French cream, and the shops where it can be purchased, write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine 6 East 39th Street, New York City.)

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



Rests the Feet



Little Women

whether their hair is golden, chestnut, auburn, or velvety black, shampoo regularly with

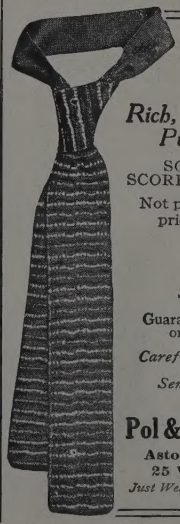
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PURE AS THE PINES

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The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "tiny tint"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Just buy a package of Golden Glint Shampoo. At your dealer's, or send 25c. direct to J. W. KOBI COMPANY, 141 Spring St., Seattle.

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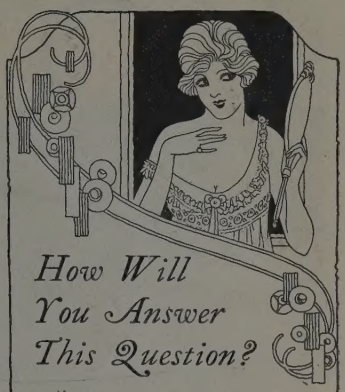
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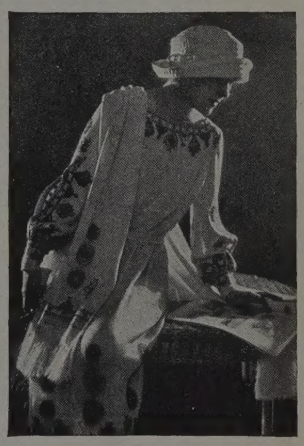
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KOTEX, the new sanitary pad, has caught women's favor like a "best seller." More absorbent, and therefore safer in any emergency, Kotex are also cheap enough to throw away and easy to dispose of instantly and conveniently by following simple directions found in each box.

Kotex saves embarrassment in several ways: It is easy to buy without counter conversation by asking not for "sanitary pads" but "Kotex." It is sold in drygoods, drug and department stores everywhere in the United States and is spreading rapidly in Canada. It comes in a blue box which has no printing except the name Kotex. A supply can be easily carried in a lady's handbag.

Kotex comes in Regular and Hospital size (extra large), and in vending machines which supply one large Kotex with two safety pins, in plain white envelope.

Keep Kotex always on hand. It is not to be compared with birdseye or any other sanitary pad.

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Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest-rooms everywhere — hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres, and other places —from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper for 10 cents



INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(*Continued from page* 400)

Englishman at all . . not in the least "the younger son of impoverished nobility" . . . but no more nor less than the brother of Anita Stewart. . . As soon as we heard that, of course, we saw the resemblance at once . . the dark eyes . . the white teeth . . the charming expression. I don't know whether Fanny was more pleased or displeased at the news . . displeased that her Sherlockian deductions were wrong, or pleased that since young George was a native she would be able to see more of him on the screen in the future. If he follows in the beautiful Anita's footsteps, Fanny prophesies, we shall soon have another new screen idol.

LE PETITE THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 386)

goes to the theatre to give pleasure rather than to get it. He gets his rest in doing for others. There is the minister. banker, school teacher, society leader, and clerk—all of them working together with but one desire —that of giving to the community something worth while.

THE standard and the record made by Le Petit Théatre should prove an inspiration to the many struggling groups that are springing up throughout the country.

Among the plays produced since Mr. Hinsdell assumed the directorship are: "The Bear" by Anton Tchekof; "The Sweetmeat Game" by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; "A Well Remembered Voice" by J. M. Barrie; "Beyond the Horizon" by Eugene O'Neill; "The Philosopher of Butterbiggins" by Harold Chapin; "Another Way Out" by Lawrence Langner; "Ten Seconds" by Robert Courtney; "He and She" by Rachel Crothers; "A Sunny Morning" by The Quinteros; and "The Mollusc" by Hubert Henry Davies.

Roland Holt, the publisher and theatre enthusiast, on a recent visit to New Orleans in the interest of the Drama League, expressed the belief that Le Petit Théatre has reached a position where it unquestionably should be New Orleans' strongest attraction for lovers of the Arts.

TOURING IN TOWN CARS

(*Continued from page* 393)

family, but returned from the trip a complete convert to limousine bodies for touring. With windows open we found we took in all the ozone and scenery of which we were capable. It was the greatest comfort to be able to have protection against a rainy day, or wind, or dust, or the cool air of evening. And these reasons for the limousine as a touring vehicle, are all just as valid today as they were ten years ago, with several added reasons not then thought of. And then think of how much can be done in the way of scenery and atmosphere with the limousine interiors!



MISS JULIA SANDERSON—the "Sunshine Girl"—now starring in Broadway's Big Success, "*Tangerine*," says: "*I find that the* MINERALAVA TREATMENT *is indeed Nature's Way to Beauty. My complexion is blooming and my contour firm. Wrinkles have been resisted to a remarkable degree.*"

Exclusive Beauty Shops for twenty-three years have successfully proved to thousands of women that MINERALAVA Beauty Clay, Cold Water and MINERALAVA Face Finish is truly

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Mineralava Beauty Clay, $2.00
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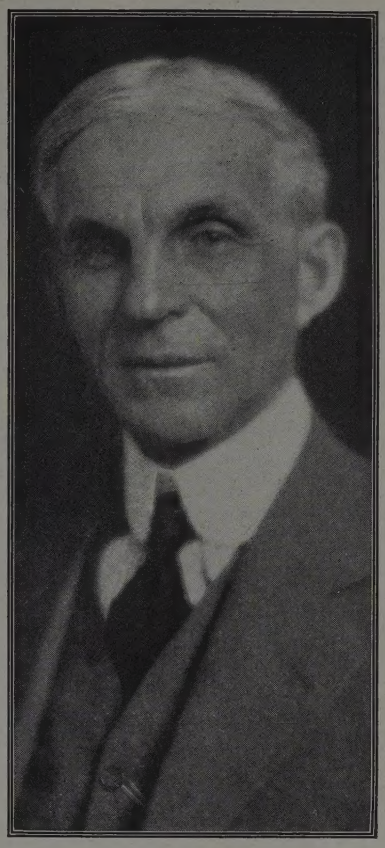
> *"I cannot tell you with what pleasure I saw the man and his mind in these pages. It has never been done before. The Henry Ford written about up to this time does not exist. The writers have not been able to see him, and, of course, their readers could not."*

Here are revealed the simple and original and fundamental ideas that have flowered in Mr. Ford's unique achievements as a manufacturer, a merchant and an employer. In all these three capacities he is the most sensational figure in the world to-day, and as an employer his methods are the most startling that appear in all industrial history.

Mr. Ford has developed and with unmatched success applied a body of principles and practices that he believes to be universally applicable. The chapter on his experiences as a railroad owner is extraordinarily illuminating. And his views of trades unions, socialistic and communistic ideas, and on banking, are built on such first-hand thought and big-scaled experience as make them contributions as invaluable as they are remarkable. He asks and gives his answers to such questions as "Why be poor?" "Why not always have good business?" "Why charity?"

Now, neither young nor old, with extraordinary vigor backing his clear and penetrating intelligence, he is at the very height of a creative genius that has done much to change daily human life for the better, and his greatest triumphs may be before him.

In a sense this is a forward-looking document. It is rich with visions of the future.



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The Importance of Starting Right

After you have selected your play, you will have three important questions to decide—adequate stage effects, costumes and stage lighting. Mistakes in judgment are fatal. The expert service offered by the advertisers on this page will help you to start right.



(*Left*) During office hours, C. P. MacDonald, is a constructive advertising expert. He is also author of the lyrics for "A Night in Spain," produced by the New York Advertising Club. (*Right*) Thomas J. Hughes, who wrote the lilting melodies that contributed in a large measure to the success of the play, has a number of successful songs to his credit

The New York Advertising Club Gives A Musical Play

THE advertising man has helped materially to make this little old world of ours a more comfortable place in which to live. He introduced us to the virtues of the Gold Dust Twins; he brought the phonograph and the automobile to the farmhouse; he has intrigued us with Aunt Jemima and all her clan of culinary creatures, these many years.

A month or more ago, however, by way of demonstrating that advertising is not the beginning and end of his versatility, the ad-man, or to be exact, that group of him known as The Advertising Club of New York, produced a very clever one-act musical play entitled "A Night in Spain."

The play was written and acted by the Club members. There were several very good musical numbers, and a chorus that could and did sing and dance with much gusto and professional ease. Speaking of dancing—"Bill" Jennings, who in his university days was a star member of the famous Mask and Wig Club, brought to the role of a Spanish dancing girl, the artistry and verve of a finished dancer—and incidentally "brought down the house" with his performance!

IT is surprising the feeling of camaraderie and good fellowship the giving of a play establishes, whether it be in a club, a collge, or a community. Perhaps fraternal or civic pride and loyalty is at the bottom of it, but whatever the cause, the results are always the same, and the Advertising Club play was no exception to the rule. After the performance, at the Astor Hotel, everybody voted everybody else a prince of good fellows, including Edgar MacGregor, and Allen H. Fagan, who temporarily deserted "Broadway" to whip "A Night in Spain" into shape, and club friendships were given a fresh impetus. We are for plays and more plays, not only in the Advertising Club, but in every organization where people band together for mutual advancement.



Ensemble from "A Night in Spain," the one-act musical play produced by the New York Advertising Club. The libretto was the work of D. Morris-Jones, a member of the Club

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